

THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM SMITH, 113, FLEET STREET.

No. XLVIII.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1839.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

MUSINGS IN A POULTRY-YARD.

PERSONS living in the country deprive themselves of a great deal of rational pleasure, and of what is at least equally valuable, useful instruction, who, from indolence, apathy, or any other motive, omit to have a poultry-yard. Filled with well-conditioned cocks and hens, turkeys, geese, and ducks, it is a complete little world in itself. Like the human communities, those of the feathered race, when brought together within the precincts of a moderate inclosure, develop characteristics well worthy of observation. Here may be seen the passions of pride, of love, anger, and jealousy, operating frequently with more or less power. Coquetry on the part of the females—rivalry amongst the males—partialities amongst particular cliques—aristocratic feelings and distinctions amongst the higher breeds—strong affections on the part of some mothers, negligence on the part of others, who are more prone to gad about—the filial impulses, and calls for protection, when danger threatens; these, and a variety of other causes of emotion and action, may be as easily discerned in the poultry-yard, by an attentive observer, as in the congregations of mankind.

The doctrine formerly taught by the schools, and sanctioned by the authority of great names, that the inferior classes of animals are actuated, in all their movements, by a mere unreasoning instinct, has long since become obsolete. The supposition that such an operating cause as what was called mechanical instinct could exist in an animated creature, and that this cause could be limited within a boundary that should prevent it from being anything more than a pre-arranged process, is of itself so great an absurdity, that one wonders how it could have ever been entertained by any person who had reflected upon the subject even for a moment.

What is instinct? "Desire or aversion," says Dr. Johnson, "acting in the mind without the intervention of reason or deliberation;" and in a second definition, he adds, "the power of determining the will of brutes." I should be glad to know from what source the Doctor learned that, in point of fact, "desire," or "aversion," ever does govern the mind without the intervention of thought. I wish to enjoy that which I believe capable of administering to my happiness—this is the origin of desire. Reverse the idea, and you have the origin of aversion. The operation of reason in both these cases is not to be doubted; but it is momentary, and its presence not being felt, in consequence of habit, we say that we act on what we are pleased to call instinct. Moreover, assuming the first definition to be correct, yet does the Doctor say it "acts in the mind," which assuredly never does or can impel volition, without some exercise, however slight, or, at the time, imperceptible, of that faculty which the soul possesses of comparing instantly one idea with another. It must be from such a comparison, which is reasoning, that one object is desired and another disliked, by animals of every degree.

The second definition, "the power of determining the will of brutes," is to me utterly unintelligible. If brutes enjoy the faculty of volition, as it is here supposed they do, and if there be in their organs some power by which that volition is directed, what can that power be but a faculty which teaches them to prefer one thing to another—that is to say, a faculty which can compare two thoughts together, and decide which of the two is the more likely to produce the well-being of those animals? What, then, can this faculty be—what can we properly call it, if it be not reason?

The authorities quoted by the Doctor, in explanation of what was manifestly his own view, certainly do not bear him out:—"Thou knowest," says Shakspeare, (Henry IV.,) "I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince: instinct is a great matter." It is, indeed, "a great matter." Milton appears to have considered it ("Samson Agonistes") in a similar light:—

"But providence or instinct of nature seems,
Or reason though disturbed, and scarce consulted,
To have guided me aright."

Prior asks—

"Instinct and reason how shall we divide?"

The question is one not easy to be solved. To suppose that the lower races of animals are destitute of a reasoning faculty, is to set up an hypothesis directly opposed to the evidence of our own senses. I happened once to have been placed in circumstances of no ordinary difficulty, out of which I was extricated by the assistance—I might almost say by the advice—of my horse. I was journeying through a tract of wild country in the East, where there were no roads except those indistinctly marked by the footsteps of horses and oxen. I was attended by a Tartar courier, from whom I accidentally parted for a while. I had, in fact, very carelessly galloped onward in full speed, and, in his attempt to overtake me, one of the spare horses he had with him fell down. While he was endeavouring to raise the animal—an operation which took some time—I still galloped on, imagining that he was close behind me. At length, having ceased to hear the sound of his horses' steps, I looked about, and could see nothing of him. I had taken no notice of the route by which I came, and apprehending that, if I returned, I might miss him, I felt at a loss what to do—to go on, to stop where I was, or to go back. The evening was fast closing in—the sun had just set—my destination was southward, and having resolved to pursue my course in that direction, I spurred my animal into a path which I imagined to be the right one. He obeyed my will, but with great reluctance; he soon showed such strong signs of impatience, that I threw the bridle on his neck, and permitted him to choose for himself. The natural impulse for him would have been to return homewards, for he was a fresh horse which I had received at the previous stage. Instead of doing this, however, he returned to the path I had left, and proceeded in a course in which the courier overtook me about an hour after. It was the right course for my purpose. This choice upon the part of the animal may be called by others instinct or sagacity—I call it reason; for he must have known that I wished to go to a certain place, and, though he might have gone back to his own stable if he liked, he preferred the performance of his duty.

A thousand instances of the exercise by the lower animals of the faculties of reason and memory, and of the exhibition by them of all the passions which animate mankind, not excepting even pride and ambition, might be adduced to show that the "power which determines the will of brutes" is something much higher than that which is commonly understood by the term "instinct." I have heard military men say that cavalry horses, engaged in the field of battle, displayed unequivocal tokens of sympathy with their riders in all the dangers of attack or defence, and in the exultation of victory. The noble description of the war-horse in Job will here recur at once to the recollection of the reader:—"He breaketh up the earth with his hoof, he pranceth boldly,

he goeth forward to meet armed men. He despiseth fear, he turneth not his back to the sword. Chasing and raging, he swalloweth the ground; neither doth he make account when the noise of the trumpet soundeth—[that is, he doth not calculate the peril he is about to encounter, but rushes onward in all his bravery].—When he heareth the trumpet, he saith, Ha! ha! he smelleth the battle afar off, the encouraging of the captains, and the shouting of the army.” [He *smelleth*—that is to say, he feels alive to the coming danger; he is sensible to the calls of the leaders of the combat, and would, if he could, about with the shouting hosts around him.]

On one of the fine mornings in May, when those balmy delicious breezes which so particularly belong to that month, and which invigorate all nature, were playing through the firmament, I happened to be wandering through a spacious undulating field, in which were two fine foals and four or five milch cows. The foals seemed wild with the spirit of joy; they were running races with each other—now up the rising ground, now curving beautifully round the angles of the field—now flying down the descent, now rolling themselves on the fresh turf, round and round—then up again, and off on another and another race. The cows looked on for awhile with astonishment, and next with alarm—so much so, that one of them, though a large animal, actually jumped over a fence, not a very low one, into the adjoining field. The foals seeing this, held council together, and, as if enjoying the fun, they resumed their races, but directed their steps, with a roguish design, more particularly towards the spot where the other cows had assembled together. The poor animals became more and more terrified; the foals pursued the sport, and ceased not until they made each of them jump the fence in succession. As soon as they had thus cleared the field, they flung themselves on the grass, and rolled about, as it were laughing at the fright into which they had thrown their companions of the pasture.

Here was a scene in which the “power” that “determines the will of brutes” varied every moment on both sides; it was a power that taught the foals to enjoy the breezes of the morning—to emulate each other in rapidity of movement—to persecute, for their own amusement, their less active friends; the same power inspired the horned animals with alarm, and bade them fly from a place where they could no longer ruminant in tranquillity.

Walking, on another occasion, through the principal street of the village in which I reside, I observed a cock and a hen with some young chickens, feasting on such insects as they could find upon a dunghill. The mother was busily employed in scratching up the materials of which the heap was composed, and calling her young to her, whenever she discovered anything they could usefully consume. The cock was looking about him with that sort of pride which a father enjoys when he sees his family busily engaged in making a good dinner.

While they were thus employed, a large hungry dog came straying by, and, looking wistfully towards the dunghill, seemed to think that he also might find there something suitable to his palate. The mother seeing him approach, ran up to the cock instantly, and, directing his attention to the dog, manifestly made him some communication by a mode of speech familiar to themselves; whereupon the cock forthwith flew at the dog, aided by the hen, who also stoutly performed her part in the battle. The dog, thus taken by surprise, made no sort of resistance, but trotted off as fast as he could—his tail pressed close behind him, as if he feared that it might be laid hold of by his assailants. The hen, as soon as she had fairly committed her consort in the combat, and ascertained how it was to terminate, lost not a moment in calling her young to her, and, removing to a distance, nestled them under her wings, until the intruder was entirely out of sight; she then resumed the occupation in which she had been momentarily disturbed.

My hen-house—or rather my wife’s hen-house, for it is entirely her affair—is now a very compact one. It was not so when we first came to our present residence, which had been for some time untenanted. The roof had to be re-tiled, the roosts and nests to

be re-constructed, and the whole to be thoroughly cleansed out and whitewashed. These operations took place about the end of May, at a period when a robin, who had taken possession of a snug corner on the top of the board that formed the roof of the poultry-nests, was busily employed in feeding her young brood. She did not appear to be in the least annoyed by our proceedings. We, of course, had given particular instructions that her mansion should not be touched; and appearing clearly to understand that she was under our protection, she pursued her daily and delightful occupation of finding out insects, and carrying them to her little ones, with wonderful activity. The carpenter hammered—the bricklayer knocked about and whitewashed—the mistress and the servants went in and out—the hens cackled, the cock crowed—but the affectionate mother continued to execute her duties with an indefatigable alacrity. There was a small round aperture in the door, near the top. When the door was shut, it was beautiful to see the familiar bird popping constantly in and out, and sometimes resting on her threshold, and looking about with a self-satisfied air.

A neighbour of mine tells me, that while he was lately levelling some newly-turned-up earth in his garden, a robin occupied itself in following the traces of his rake, picking up the worms and snails which his operations uncovered. The moment it found a little victim, off it flew, and again returned for fresh spoils, without the least fear of molestation. The friendly intercourse long since established between man and this species of the feathered tribe, may be looked upon as one of the most agreeable acts of homage which are paid to him by the inferior races of animals. The robin really appears to love him. It usually has its home near his. It often offers itself to his notice; and even when it does not expect or want anything from him, it seeks to cultivate his affection, which it never fails to do with success. It is a common supposition, that the robin is with us only an autumnal and winter bird. I have seen him in my garden, and in the neighbouring fields, all the year round, and have heard his sweet song in October, as well as in July.

We had some time ago a present from a friend, of a cock and two hens of the Spanish breed. They are remarkably fine birds, being nearly twice as large as our ordinary barn-door fowl. The plumage is not a raven black, but very nearly so. The females have crests as well as the male, but that of the latter is larger, and inclines at the top a little towards the left side; which gives him a distinguished and jaunty air, not at all unbecoming his rank in the creation. When these strangers first appeared in our poultry world, they were eyed with universal jealousy, particularly by the English cock, who, without much loss of time, picked a quarrel with the grandee. A battle ensued, which was conducted with great valour on both sides. They separated without any decisive result on the first occasion. The contest was soon after renewed, blood was drawn; at length the English cock gave way, and fairly ran away. The Spaniard followed him to a certain distance, but contented himself with proclaiming a truce, upon condition that, in future, he and his two consorts should have the sunny side of the yard to themselves. The truce has been faithfully kept. If by mistake or forgetfulness the Englishman ever wanders much beyond his limits, he is forthwith reminded of his treaty, and hastens to observe it. His ladies often transgress the bounds: they are seldom molested by his highness, who is rather courteous towards them. Indeed, to one or two he seems partial, and, but for the constant vigilance of his companions, I should sometimes tremble for his conjugal fidelity. The latter are much attached to him, and whenever they see the other hens intruding on his domains, they expel them without ceremony. In doing this, they believe that they are acting in fond conformity with his wishes, and after they have done it they often approach him, and insert the top of the bill in his at the small opening near the fleshy part of the mouth. *It is*, in fact, a kiss, which he accepts, but would as soon be without. It seems intended to say, “I have sent off that vulgar hussy—I knew it would please you, my dear;” and accordingly takes her reward for the service. I question whether he does always think

it a service, for he has more than once appeared to meditate a *liaison* with the plebeians, not without being observed by his own dames, whom I have seen, on such occasions, putting their heads together, consulting, and apparently asking each other, "What is our gentleman after now?"

Upon the whole, however, as far as my observation goes, I think that, though sometimes a sinner in thought, his conduct is not open to animadversion. He has taken care not to come within the penal jurisdiction of the spiritual court. He keeps pretty regularly within the limits of his own home. His family never associate with the secondary rank; they assume a high tone—an aristocratical air. They never roost in the common hen-house; they from the first chose to fix, during the hours of repose, in one of the stalls of the stable; and always, even in the scramble of feeding times—keep themselves apart from the other inhabitants. They are strict "exclusives" in their way, and strut about with a peculiar dignity. His lordship generally makes it a point to attend each of his ladies whenever she is about to deposit an egg; an operation both the Spanish hens perform, by the bye, without making half the noise about it which the other hens do. Their eggs are remarkably large and fine. We have already had some of them hatched, and the young brood promise to afford some delicious accompaniments to slices of Wiltshire bacon during the winter.

This will seem to some "gentle readers" a cruel, cold-hearted remark: and, upon my word, I must admit that it does savour of an Epicurean philosophy to look forward to the massacre of the little innocents now enjoying life with so much gaiety. The order to the cook to immolate one of the tenants of our poultry region is seldom given by somebody whom I could mention, without a slight struggle. In truth, it is not easy to think of terminating a life which appears so happy a one, especially when it is the life of a creature that feeds from your own hand, that has been accustomed to look for your daily visits with pleasing anticipations, and to receive them always with tokens of unbounded joy. I know a little girl, too, who, however much she exults in a good dinner, would rather be without it than hear that a sentence of death has gone forth against a favourite chicken! But what is to be done? It is a duty imposed upon man (and, after all, rather a pleasant one) that he must eat; and if he see before him a plump fowl, nicely browned, smoking from the spit, how can he (Heaven help him!) resist the temptation?

Our turkey-cock is a remarkably fine fellow. When he first joined the throng, he had also to fight for his station; for all the cocks were up in arms against him. He took the matter very quietly, scarcely condescending to notice his antagonists, and forcing them to fly almost without any exertion on his part. Having thus triumphed, he plucked from the breast of one of them a feather, which he held in his bill, and, walking pompously round the yard, displayed the trophy to the hens, as if with a view to allay their fears, and at the same time to assure them that being thus easily victorious, he meditated no further hostilities. He has faithfully kept his promise; indeed, he has never since been molested.

He has also his two consorts, with whom he lives in decent friendship; love, or very great kindness, such as prevails between the Spaniards, I cannot call it, for the female turkeys are extremely apathetic in their demeanour towards him. In vain he puts forth all his plumage, arching the feathers of his wings, erecting those on his back and breast, unfolding those of his magnificent tail—sometimes moving them sideways like a fan, sometimes perpendicularly,—his soul, meanwhile, (a soul he must have, for you see it in his eyes,) being swollen with unbounded admiration of himself, and wondering, with an impatient air, that everybody does not worship him as if he were "the monarch of all he surveyed." He demands especially the homage of his own family, but they do little more than just eye him for a moment, and then resume their usual habit of indifference. This vexes him—the pendant at his nostrils, hitherto red with pride, turns pale with rage, and his feathers successively sinking under the effort to be

grand, he contents himself, as well as he can, with gadding about in his undress, looking for something to eat.

It is very well known that turkey-cocks particularly dislike certain colours. When she, from whose hands the poultry usually receive their meals, appears in the yard in a plaid gown, the bird above mentioned seldom fails to peck at it, as if he felt the brightness of its varied hues to be an attempt to outshine his own. Black, also, he looks upon with anger; it must, for some other reason, operate upon his nerves disagreeably.

There often is to be found in a neighbourhood a woman of peculiarly kind disposition; a widow perhaps, or one who, being the mother of a family already provided for, still is always prepared to give her sympathies, and, if need be, her assistance, to any young thing—an orphan, or a child neglected by its parents. Her admirable goodness does not always make her as popular as it ought to do. It is a perpetual reproach to the conduct of some—it, of necessity, excites in others impulses of respect, which they do not wish to yield—it provokes some to envy, not to emulation, and plenty of the old washerwomen may be heard to say that she is nothing more or less than a "busy-body," and that she had much better keep at home, and attend to her own business.

We have amongst our feathered people a hen of matured age, very much of this character. She lays no eggs of her own, but she is always ready to sit, if others be provided for her. She collects, and forthwith arranges them, with particular tact and care; and, when once she has settled herself upon them, and feels that they are all within the influence of the warmth of her body and her not too much extended wings, there she will remain day and night during the necessary period, seldom quitting her position for more than a few moments, and then only to comply with the most pressing exigences. The mistress, of course, always places food within reach of the anxious and faithful matron. She is a comely bird, of the most modest appearance; her plumage of a dark drab colour.

When unoccupied in this way, she looks out constantly for some little chicken, ill attended to by its own parent, and is sometimes suspected of even practising some arts of sorcery, by means of which she attracts to herself the affections of children not her own. A case of this kind lately occurred. Two or three of a brood of ten chickens were observed by the mother to steal away occasionally to the "good woman," as she may be called. The mother was at first very jealous and indignant, and not only scolded but pecked her as violently as she could. The impression, however, in her favour, once made upon the young folk, it rather increased, and extended to one or two more; whereupon the mother, in a rage, resigned them all to her care, and has never since taken the slightest notice of them. Nay, if one comes too near her, she drives it away instantly. Her cause has been taken up by most of her neighbours, who wage constant war against the "good hen." But she is indifferent to their hostility, so long as she has something to love; when she has not, she looks languid, and keeps entirely to herself.

It is very amusing to see the young cocks fight with each other, the moment they are able to put their spurs in order for battle. The Spanish grandee, however, seems to have taken the police of the yard under his particular care. When he sees any disturbance arising among these juvenile Hotspurs, he proceeds to the spot, separates them by pushing his breast against them, without resorting to his weapons, and then crows over both, as if commanding them, under penalty of annihilation, to observe strict peace towards each other in future. They obey reluctantly. Now and then they seem disposed to renew the contest; but his worship keeps a sharp eye upon them, and reads his riot-act, when off they scamper in a fright. The elder English cock lately provoked one of these little chaps to fight with him. The Spaniard was very angry at this bad example; he chased the offender round the yard into a corner, where he blockaded him a whole afternoon!

The reader will no doubt smile at these anecdotes—nay, probably he may treat them as incredible. "The writer," he will say, "is a person deluded by fancy, which makes him speak of a set of poultry as if they were so many *Christians*," to use a rustic phrase. I do not, indeed, pretend to say that they are Christians; but I do fearlessly assert, that it is impossible for any person to have observed those creatures as I have done, without arriving at the conclusion that the instinct, if instinct it be, by which they are directed, is truly a "great matter."

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.

WE had often heard of the wonders of Madame Tussaud's exhibition, and had frequently been urged to go and see it; but we happen to have rather a prejudice against that sort of representation, arising partly from the apprehension of the disagreeable smell which always accompanies a wax doll, and partly from the recollection of the ghastly look of some old wax figures which we remembered to have seen in our childhood. At last some friends from the country returned one evening from viewing this exhibition, in such raptures of admiration—one old lady, in particular, declaring that, though she had spent three hours there, she was only sorry she could not spend three more,—that we determined to overcome our scruples, and fairly to judge for ourselves. For this purpose we sallied forth, and arrived soon after seven o'clock in Baker-street, where we were attracted by the brilliant light in a large hall; and which, from several carriages standing near the door, we at first supposed to proceed from a nobleman's mansion, lighted up for some festive occasion; but a nearer view convinced us that it was the object of our destination, from the numerous statues and busts seen through the windows, and from the parties of two, three, or more pedestrians, who ever and anon made their way through the swing door, and disappeared across the hall. We followed the multitude, and soon found ourselves in an ante-room at the top of the stairs, where sat the venerable Madame Tussaud herself, at the receipt of custom. Having paid our shilling, she beckoned to a door of looking-glass, and, on opening it, what a sight presented itself! Figures of the size of life, of all ages and of all countries, were grouped about the room—some of them of such intense resemblance to life as to be quite startling. There was Cobbett, for instance, in the homely grey suit of an English farmer, with spectacles on his nose, seated among the spectators, apparently viewing the group of warriors who settled the destinies of Europe; his head turning slowly from side to side, as if deliberately examining one figure after another. It was long before we could convince ourselves that it was not a real person. At the entrance, too, there stands a man with a sinister countenance, first looking suspiciously at you, and then turning away his head, as if afraid of having his thoughts divined. This is *Fieschi*, in the act of adjusting his infernal machine.

The two principal groups in the room represent the coronation of Victoria, in which the Duke of Devonshire, as gold stick, stands conspicuous for his noble and commanding figure; and the others, the actors in the grand drama of 1814. How many of this latter group sleep in dust! only two of the crowned heads, viz. the King of Prussia and Bernadotte, are yet alive to reflect on the various and trying scenes of their lives. The latter, as Charles XIV. of Sweden, may be considered the most fortunate individual of all those who were raised from the ranks by Napoleon. His father was a wood-cutter in the south of France; Bonaparte soon discovered his merits as a soldier, and raised him to the highest honours. He was long known as the Crown-Prince of Sweden, the Swedes having chosen him, during the life-time of their sovereign, as next heir to the crown; to which he succeeded in 1818. He is now one of the oldest sovereigns in Europe, having been born in 1764. We cannot look at Frederic William IV. of Prussia without a certain degree of respect, naturally inspired by the firmness he has displayed on all occasions, and by the vicissitudes he has experienced, in being compelled to submit to French domination, and for the loss of his beautiful but deluded queen, who is said to have died of a broken heart, when she found she had gone too far in encouraging the enemies of her country. How greatly he contributed to the downfall of Napoleon is well known. By his side stands that arch-warrior of the old school, the renowned Blücher, of whom it is characteristically said, that, on being taken to the top of St. Paul's, instead of admiring the extent and magnificence of the view, his only exclamation was, "Mein Gott, what plunder!"—thus betraying more of the rough freebooter than of the modern tactician. The unmistakable figure of Bonaparte (surrounded by his satellites) stands conspicuous on the right of the group; the whole being intended to represent the tender of the kingdom of France, as it was under Louis XIV., to Napoleon, by the allied sovereigns, in 1814. He is in the act of refusing, and points to his favourite eagle; which, by the bye, is said to be the identical one given to him by his imperial guard, and which was taken by the Prussians on the field of Waterloo.

We have invariably found that the group most attractive to children is that of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, between

whom stands the Dauphin, a lovely little boy, with long curling hair and his mother's delicate complexion. What young person, in viewing this child, but must naturally be anxious to know more of his history, when she hears him named in accents of commiseration! Indeed, one of the great merits of the collection is the eagerness it inspires in young minds for information; while the gratification it affords to the old, in seeing the all but living representation of such persons as "Billy Pitt" and "Charley Fox," whose names were once familiar as household words, must not be overlooked. The costumes, too, of the different characters are well shown. There is Henry IV. in the splendid dress which was the model of that of the *gardes du corps* of Louis XVI.; Voltaire, and a contemporary coquette, tricked out in all the primness of that ceremonious age, before the revolution had thrown down the barriers of society, and substituted the cropped hair, round hat, and *trowsers* of the working classes, for the cocked hat, flowing wig, and sword of the nobility.

As for ourselves, we prefer the two models of the sweet little infants, one of which is the son of Madame Tussaud, now a fine young man; and the other that of a boy who was washed away in his cradle when the Seine overflowed its banks in 1796. The child was rescued from a watery grave by some humane persons; and on Bonaparte being made acquainted with the circumstance, he had him taken care of at his own expense, placed him in the Polytechnic School, and afterwards provided for him in the Army.

A collection of less pleasing objects is very judiciously placed in a separate room. A model of the guillotine, the shirt in which Henry IV. was stabbed, with the heads of Greenacre and other atrocious murderers, might not be very agreeable objects to many persons, however attractive they might be to the curious in such matters.

Having fully gratified our curiosity, we were about to retire, when we found ourselves ensconced in a recess of looking-glass, where nothing presented itself but a whole-length representation of ourselves. At last, in desperation, we seized an ivory knob, which yielding to our pressure, we once more found ourselves in the presence of the ingenious artist. Having read her memoirs, we were much interested in seeing a person who had been on habits of intimacy with so many celebrated characters of by-gone times; and we could hardly imagine this lady to be the same little girl who was patted on the head by Voltaire, receiving at the same time a commendation of her beautiful black eyes. Though nearly 80 years of age (being born in 1760) she does not look more than 65, and bids fair in this respect to rival her maternal ancestors, who, she tells us, were remarkable for longevity. Her maiden name was Marie Grosholtz, and she is a native of Berne. Her father, Joseph Grosholtz, was aide-de-camp to General Wurmser during the seven years' war, and was so mutilated with wounds that his forehead was laid bare, and his lower jaw shot away and supplied by a silver plate. He married a widow, daughter of a Swiss clergyman, who had seven sons by her former husband, and the little Marie was the only addition she made, after her second marriage, to this already numerous family, but she was not born, however, till two months after her father's death. This lady's brother was M. Curtius, the celebrated modeller. He was practising as a physician at Berne, when the Prince de Conti, being struck with some portraits and anatomical subjects which he had modelled in wax, induced him to give up his profession for that of an artist, and repair to Paris, where the Prince introduced him to the royal family and many of the nobility, and continued his steady friend and patron. M. Curtius was fully employed in executing the numerous orders that were continually flowing in; and as he found his new profession very lucrative, he paid a visit, in the course of a few years, to his native city, to induce his sister and her family to come and settle in Paris. Marie Grosholtz was then only six years old, but she remembers her arrival in Paris perfectly well. Formerly, in France, (and even now,) children were not kept so much in the nursery as they are in England. It is the custom there for children to dine "at table" with their parents at a very early age; and there a girl of ten is often as womanly in her manners as an English girl of fourteen. Marie being naturally quick and intelligent, soon began to take an interest in the conversation of the remarkable men of the day who frequented her uncle's table. She has a lively recollection of the almost ludicrous squabbles which took place between Voltaire and Rousseau, the latter accusing his rival of having picked his brains of an idea, and bringing it out in his next publication, clothed in his own peculiar language.

Under her uncle's tuition, Mlle. Grosholtz soon became so great a proficient in the art of modelling, that she was entrusted, though

still very young, to take casts of Voltaire, Rousseau, Franklin, and Mirabeau. Among the visitors who came to see her uncle's collection, was the amiable Princess Elizabeth, sister to Louis XVI., who was so delighted with the young artist that she took lessons of her in the art of modelling, and at last obtained M. Curtius's consent to take his niece to reside entirely with her at Versailles. Here Mlle. Grosholtz had an opportunity of appreciating the saint-like qualities of this unfortunate princess, who perished on the scaffold at the age of 30; and of witnessing that reckless extravagance of the other members of the royal family, which finally exasperated the minds of the people to open rebellion.

M. Curtius, probably foreseeing the breaking out of the revolution, wished to have his niece to reside with him again; accordingly, early in 1789, she took leave of the princess and returned to Paris. It was not long before she became aware of the change that had taken place in the society that met at her uncle's table. Instead of artists and philosophers, she saw a crowd of fanatic politicians and wild theorists, who were often very noisy in their declamations. Her uncle always persisted in saying, however, even after he had fairly joined the revolutionists, that he was a royalist at heart, and that he only favoured these visionaries, and entered into their views, to save his family from ruin.

The first open symptom of rebellion (which had long been threatened) was the mob coming to M. Curtius's museum, and demanding the busts of the Duke of Orleans and Necker (the two popular favourites), which they hoisted on poles, and paraded through the streets, till they were dispersed by the military with loss of life. After this, nothing but confusion reigned in Paris, and the Bastille was shortly after attacked. In company with her uncle, Mlle. Grosholtz went to view it after it was taken by the people, and she shudders with horror at her description of its dungeons and iron cages for prisoners, in one of which the skeleton of a man was found. Sixteen persons were liberated from this scene of atrocities; one of whom, the Count de Lorge, who had been 36 years a prisoner, is represented among the artist's other performances. In the massacre that ensued after the royal family had left the Tuilleries on the fatal 10th of August, 1792, Mlle. Grosholtz lost three brothers and two uncles in the Swiss body-guard, who fell bravely defending the palace. Herself, her mother, and her aunt, having been denounced as royalists, were carried off to prison at midnight, while M. Curtius was absent on an official mission on the Rhine, and confined in a room with twenty other females. Among their companions in misfortune were Madame Beauharnois (afterwards the Empress Josephine) and her daughter Fanny, better known as "La Reine Hortense." After some weeks' detention, they were liberated through the intervention of General Kleber. M. Curtius returned from the Rhine soon after in very bad health, and great suspicions were entertained by his family that poison had been administered to him. He never entirely recovered, but lingered on for some time, and at last expired. Of Mlle. Grosholtz's marriage to M. Tussaud we are told nothing in her memoirs; but we presume it took place about this time, if not before. Having escaped all the horrors of the revolution, in some of the scenes of which she bore an unwilling part, Madame Tussaud (as we must now call our artist) took the opportunity of visiting England at the peace of 1802, and she has remained in various parts of the United Kingdom ever since; exhibiting her wax figures at Edinburgh, Dublin, Manchester, and London and its vicinity, but never before has she had so magnificent a theatre for display as now presented in the rooms of what was formerly the King-street bazaar.

In taking leave of this lady and her performances, we are almost tempted to exclaim, in the words of our country friend, that "of all the sights in London, Madame Tussaud's exhibition is the best."

CHANGING ONE'S NOTE.

It is recorded of Curran, that going to his inn early one summer morning, after a long sitting with some friends in Glasgow, he observed a man sound asleep in the kennel, his upturned face gilded with the rays of the newly-risen sun. Mr. Curran awoke the sleeper, who, like himself, had been indulging rather freely the previous night, and had no recollection of taking up the position in which he was found. After the first surprise was over, he thrust his hand into his pocket, where he found a quantity of small change; on discovering which, with a face of the utmost compunction and alarm, he exclaimed, "Gude guide us! have I been so far left to myself as to change a note!"

LORD FERRERS, THE MURDERER.

WE extract the following account of this singular criminal from the Memoirs of "the Life and Times" of his relation, the celebrated Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. This work, which appeared first in Numbers, and has recently been published in two octavo volumes, purports to be written by "a Member of the Houses of Shirley and Hastings." It is full of interest, is impartially written, and contains a vast fund of anecdotal information.

"Lawrence, fourth Earl of Ferrers, eldest son of Lady Huntingdon's uncle, the Hon. Lawrence Shirley, by a daughter of Sir Walter Clarges, of Aston, in Hertfordshire, bart., though he was at times a very intelligent person, and a nobleman conversant in the history of his country, yet, on divers occasions, exhibited symptoms of constitutional insanity. For more than a twelvemonth he had supplied a topic for conversation, by an attempt to murder his wife and everybody that took her part. Having broken the peace, which the House of Lords had bound him to keep, the cause was again brought before them; but instead of attending it, he went to the assizes at Hertford, to appear against a highwayman. The countess was sister to Sir W. Meredith, and had no fortune. The earl always said she had trepanned him into matrimony, having met him at an assembly when he was intoxicated, and having kept him in his state of drunkenness till the ceremony was over. As he was seldom sober before or afterwards, it is hardly fair to impute his excesses to this pretty, and, unless it were a crime to wish to be a countess, very blameless person.

"His misfortunes, as he called them, were dated from this marriage; though he had been guilty of horrid excesses unconnected with matrimony, and is even believed to have killed a groom, who died a year after receiving a cruel beating from him. He had a mistress before his marriage, by whom he had two or three children, and he took her again after the separation from his wife. He was fond of both, and used both ill: Lady Ferrers so ill—always carrying pistols to bed, and threatening to kill her before morning, beating her, and being jealous without provocation—that she obtained a separation from him by act of Parliament, in which were appointed receivers of his estate, to secure her allowance. This he could not bear. However, he named Mr. Johnson, who had been taken into the family of Lord Ferrers in his youth, and was then his lordship's land-steward, as one of these receivers, hoping probably that he should have sufficient influence over him to have procured some deviation from his trust, in his lordship's favour. He soon found out that Mr. Johnson would not oblige him at the expense of his own honesty, and from that time he conceived an implacable resentment against him. Afterwards finding out that Mr. Johnson had paid Lady Ferrers fifty pounds without his knowledge, and suspecting him of being in the confederacy against him, he determined, when he failed of opportunities of murdering his wife, to kill the steward; which he effected.

"Having ordered Mr. Johnson to attend him at Stanton, his lordship contrived to send all the men-servants out of the way, so that there were no persons in the house but himself and three female servants. On Mr. Johnson entering the room, Lord Ferrers locked the door. His lordship then ordered him to settle an account, and after a little time produced a paper, purporting, as he said, to be a confession of his villainy, and required Mr. Johnson to sign it. Johnson refused, and his lordship, drawing a pistol from his pocket, ordered him to kneel down, which the terrified man did upon one knee; but Lord Ferrers cried out so loud as to be heard by one of the women at the kitchen-door, 'Down on your other knee—declare what you have acted against Lord Ferrers—your time is come, and you must die.' He fired, and the ball entered Mr. Johnson's body just below the last rib, yet he did not drop, but he rose up, and expressed the sensations of a dying man, both by his looks and broken sentences. An alarm was soon given, and Dr. Kirkland was sent for.

"From this period till he was arrested, Lord Ferrers continued to drink porter, and in proportion as it took effect, his passions became more tumultuous. Having shot the steward at three o'clock in the afternoon, he persecuted him till one in the morning, threatening again to murder him, and attempting to tear off his bandages. The last time he went to him he pulled him by the wig, calling him villain; and it was with great difficulty that Miss Johnson, and those about her father, could prevent his lordship from striking him. The poor man was so terrified by his outrageous conduct, that Dr. Kirkland at length succeeded in removing

him in the middle of the night to his own house, where he languished till the next morning; and when the earl heard the poor creature was dead, he said he gloried in having killed him.

"At the time of his arrest Lord Ferrers was armed with a blunderbuss, two or three pistols, and a dagger. From Ashby de la Zouch his lordship was sent to Leicester gaol, and from thence, about a fortnight afterwards, was brought to London, in his own landau and six horses, under a strong guard. He was dressed like a jockey, in a close riding-frock, boots, and cap. Immediately on his arrival, he was carried before the House of Lords. It is impossible to conceive the shock which the evidence contained in the coroner's inquest gave the court: many of the lords were standing to look at him, but they soon turned from him with detestation. He was then committed to the custody of the black rod, and ordered to the Tower.

"After two months' imprisonment in the Tower, on the 16th April, 1759, Lord Ferrers was brought to his trial at Westminster Hall. He would not plead guilty, and yet had nothing to plead; and at last, to humour his family, pleaded madness, against his inclination. It was melancholy to see two of his brothers brought to depose to lunacy as existing in their own blood, in order to save their brother's life. On a former affair in the House of Lords, he is said to have behaved with great shrewdness: no such thing, however, appeared at his trial; and it was afterwards pretended that his being forced by his family, against his inclination, to plead insanity, prevented his exerting his parts; but Lord Ferrers did not act in anything as if his family had influence over him.

"The trial lasted three days. His lordship was sentenced to be hanged, and to have his body dissected and anatomised; the evidence of his insanity not proving satisfactory to their lordships. But the Right Hon. Lord Henley, late Earl of Nottingham, who acted as high steward at this awful solemnity, with consent of the peers, respited his lordship's execution till Monday, May 5th. On receiving sentence, the unfortunate nobleman begged his peers to recommend him to mercy; but all application from himself and friends proved ineffectual, and he was left for execution.

"The conduct of Lord Ferrers after his condemnation was singular and extraordinary. The very night he received sentence, he played at piquet, and would have continued to play every evening, had not permission been refused at the particular request of Lady Huntingdon, and other members of his family. Lord Cornwallis, governor of the Tower, shortened his allowance of wine after his conviction, agreeably to the strict acts concerning the crime of murder which had passed both houses of parliament. This his lordship much disliked, and at last pressed his brother to intercede that at least he might have more porter; 'for,' said he, 'what I have is not a draught.' Mr. Shirley remonstrated, but at last consented. 'Then,' said the earl, 'now is as good a time as any to take leave of you—adieu!'

"Very great exertions were made by Lady Huntingdon, and other branches of the family, to save his life. Two petitions were presented to the king—one by his mother, and the other by all the members of his family; but his majesty said, as the House of Lords had unanimously found him guilty, he would not interfere. Another was presented by my Lord Keeper, but the king refused to hear him.

"Dr. Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, offered his services to his lordship. He thanked the bishop, and said, as his own brother was a clergyman, he chose to have him; but Lady Huntingdon was more frequently with him than any other relation. The earl, although by no means disposed to pay attention to the subjects she brought before his mind, allowed her to visit him frequently, and often sent for her, *for the sake of company*. He often grew tired of her ladyship's unwearied exertions to produce effect upon a conscience so hardened and impenetrable, and complained that she was enough to provoke anybody; yet he permitted her to visit him to the last, even after he had declined seeing his brothers; and had two interviews with Mr. Whitefield, to whom he behaved with great politeness. At Lady Huntingdon's request, Mr. Whitefield repeatedly offered up public prayer for Lord Ferrers; and that impetuous fellow, says Horace Walpole, 'told his enthusiasts, in his sermons, that my lord's heart was stone.' The very hardened conduct of Lord Ferrers, through every intricacy of this horrid affair, even to the last moment of his departure out of life, but too well justified Mr. Whitefield. Witness his fearful insensibility the night before his execution, when he made one of his keepers read 'Hamlet' to him, after he was in bed: he paid all his bills in the morning as coolly as if leaving an inn; and, half an hour before the arrival of the sheriffs to convey him to the place of execution,

corrected some verses he had written in the Tower, in imitation of the Duke of Buckingham's epitaph:

"*Dubius sed non immorobus vixi.*"

"In doubt I lived—in doubt I die—
Yet stand prepared the vast abyss to try,
And undismay'd expect eternity!"

"The earl wanted much to see his mistress: my Lord Cornwallis consulted Lady Huntingdon whether he should permit it. 'Oh, by no means,' said the countess; 'it would be letting him die in adultery.' He resolved not to take leave of his children—four girls—but on the scaffold, and then to read them a very bitter paper he had drawn up against the Meredith family, and on the House of Lords, for their first interference in separating him from Lady Ferrers. This, Lady Huntingdon, with her usual good sense, persuaded him to drop, and having brought his children to him, he took a cold farewell of them the day before he suffered. He had written two letters during the week to Lord Cornwallis, on some of their requests; they were cool and rational, and concluded with desiring him not to mind the requests of his family on his behalf, which he considered extremely absurd.

"On the morning of the 5th of May, his body was demanded of the keeper at the gate of the Tower, by the sheriffs of London and Middlesex. His lordship being informed of it, sent a message to the sheriffs, requesting that he might go in his own landau, instead of the mourning-coach that had been provided by his family; and his request being granted, he entered his landau, drawn by six horses, with Mr. Humphries, chaplain of the Tower, who had been admitted to his lordship that morning for the first time. The landau was conducted to the outer gate by the officers of the Tower, and was there delivered to the sheriffs. Here the sheriff Vaillant entered the landau of Lord Ferrers, and expressing his concern at having such a melancholy duty to perform, his lordship said, 'he was much obliged to him, and took it kindly that he accompanied him.'

"He was dressed in his wedding-clothes, which were of a light colour and embroidered in silver, and said he thought this at least as good an occasion for putting them on, as that for which they were first made. Soon after Mr. Sheriff Vaillant came into the landau, he said, 'You may, perhaps, sir, think it strange to see me in this dress, but I have my particular reasons for it.'

"Sir William Meredith, and even Lady Huntingdon, were strongly convinced that his courage would fail him at last, but they were deceived. His courage rose where it was most likely to fail. The mixture of pageantry, shame, ignominy, and even of delay, could not shake his resolution. He set out from the Tower at nine, amidst crowds of spectators. First went a large body of constables for the county of Middlesex, preceded by one of the high constables; a party of horse grenadiers and a party of foot; then Mr. Sheriff Errington, in his chariot and six, the horses dressed with ribbons; next Lord Ferrers, in his own landau and six, escorted by parties of horse and foot. Mr. Sheriff Vaillant's chariot followed, with the under-sheriff, Mr. Nicols; a mourning-coach and six, with some of his lordship's friends; and a hearse and six, which was provided for the conveyance of the corpse from the place of execution to Surgeons' Hall.

"The procession was two hours and three-quarters on its way; but during the whole time Lord Ferrers appeared perfectly easy and composed, though he often expressed his desire to have it over, saying, 'that the apparatus of death, and the passing through such crowds of people, were ten times worse than death itself.' At first his lordship talked on indifferent matters, and observing the prodigious confluence of people, he said, 'but they never saw a lord hanged, and perhaps will never see another.' One of the dragoons was thrown, in consequence of his horse's leg becoming entangled in the hind wheel. Lord Ferrers expressed much concern, and said, 'I hope there will be no death to-day but mine;' and was pleased when Mr. Sheriff Vaillant told him that the man was not hurt. He told the sheriff 'that he had written to the king, to beg that he might suffer where his ancestor the Earl of Essex, the favourite of Elizabeth, had suffered, and was in greater hopes of obtaining that favour, as he had the honour of being allied to his majesty, and of quartering part of the royal arms; he thought it hard (he said) that he must die at the place appointed for the execution of common felons.' The sheriff made excuses to him on his office. 'On the contrary,' said the earl, 'I am much obliged to you. I feared the disagreeableness of the duty might make you depute your under-sheriff. As you are so good as to execute it yourself, I am persuaded the dreadful apparatus will be conducted with more expedition.'

"Mr. Humphries, chaplain of the Tower, who sat backwards, then thought it his turn to speak, and began to talk on religious subjects; but Lord Ferrers received the overture with impatience. However, the chaplain persevered, and said he wished to bring his lordship to some confession or acknowledgment of contrition for a crime so repugnant to the laws of God and man, and wished him to endeavour to do whatever could be done in so short a time. The earl replied, 'he had done every thing he had purposed to do with regard to God and man; and as to discourses on religion, you and I, sir,' said he to the clergyman, 'shall probably not agree on that subject. The passage is very short—you will not have time to convince me, nor I to refute you; it cannot be ended before we arrive.' The clergyman still insisted, and urged that, at least, the world would expect some satisfaction, and would naturally be very inquisitive concerning the religion his lordship professed. Lord Ferrers replied with some impatience—'Sir, what have I to do with the world? I am going to pay a forfeit life, which my country has thought proper to take from me.—What do I care now, what the world thinks of me? But, sir, since you do desire some confession, I confess one thing to you: I do believe there is a God, the maker of all things. As to modes of worship, we had better not talk on them: all nations and countries have a form of religion, by which the people are governed; and whoever disturbs it, I look upon as an enemy to society. Whatever my notions may have been, I have never propagated them, or endeavoured to gain persons over to my persuasion. I always thought Lord Bolingbroke in the wrong to publish his notions on religion: I will not fall into the same error. The many sects, and their disputes about religion, have almost turned morality out of doors; and I can never believe what some sectaries teach—that faith alone will save mankind: so that, if a man, just before he dies, should say only—I believe—that *that* alone will save him.' The chaplain represented to him that it would be expected from one of his calling, and that even decency required, that some prayer should be used on the scaffold, and asked his leave at least to use the Lord's Prayer there. Lord Ferrers replied, 'I always thought it a good prayer; you may use it if you please.'

"The landau being now advanced to the place of execution, his lordship alighted from it, and with the same composure and fortitude of mind he had possessed from the time he left the Tower, mounted the scaffold; it was hung with black by the undertaker, at the expense of his family. Under the gallows was a newly-invented stage, to be struck from under him. He showed no kind of fear or discomposure, only just looking at the gallows with a slight motion of dissatisfaction. He said little; knelt for a moment at the Lord's Prayer, and afterwards, with great energy, uttered the following ejaculation:—'Oh, God! forgive me all my errors—pardon all my sins.'

"His lordship then, rising quickly, mounted the upper stage. He had come pinioned with a black sash, and was unwilling to have his hands tied, or his face covered, but was persuaded to both. When the rope was put round his neck, he turned pale, but recovered instantly. Within seven minutes after leaving the landau, the signal was given for striking the stage, and in four minutes he was quite dead."

Such was the end of this extraordinary man, who, if he had lived as he died, would have left a name not less illustrious than the stoutest heroes of ancient Rome, instead of a reputation "broken and stained by disgrace."

DOGS PHYSIOGNOMISTS.

WHENEVER speaking to a dog, whether encouragingly or reprovingly, the sportsman should endeavour to look what he means, and the dog will understand him. The dog will understand the look, if he does not the words. The sportsman should never, with a smile on his countenance, punish a dog; nor commend him, when he has done well, but with an apparent hearty good will: the dog will then take an interest in obeying him. Game-keepers and dog-breakers are often odd fellows, and seldom natives of the place where they follow their avocation. Many of them are particularly loquacious to the dogs. Should one of these queer specimens jabber in a Cornish or Yorkshire dialect to a dog trained on the Grampians, the dog will understand from his look whether he is pleased or offended, but nothing more. The dog has not the gift of tongues, but he is a Lavater in physiognomy.—*Oakleigh's Shooting Code.*

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

NO. II.—PAPER.

In the book of Job—probably the most ancient book in the world—there is a beautiful poetic description of the processes of mining, as known in very early times. It is worth quoting, and worth reading:—

"There is a mine for the silver,
And a bed for the gold which men refine:
Iron is dug from the earth,
And the rock poureth forth copper.
Man delveth into the regions of darkness,
And examineth to the utmost limit
The stores of darkness and death-shade:
He breaketh up the veins from the matrice,
Which—though nothing thought of under the foot—
Are drawn forth, are brandished among mankind.
The earth itself poureth forth bread.
But below it windeth a fiery region.
Sapphires are its stones,
And gold is its ground;
The eagle knoweth not its pathway,
Nor the eye of the vulture descrieth it;
The whelps of ferocious beasts have not tracked it,
Nor the ravenous lion sprung upon it.
Man thrusteth his hand into the sparry ore;
He upturneth the mountains from the roots;
He cutteth out channels through the rocks;
And his eye discerneth every precious gem:
He restraineth the waters from oozing,
And maketh the hidden gloom become radiance."

This passage is beautiful in itself, and valuable, as containing a very minute description on a very interesting matter. The hidden, underground darkness of the mine is vividly illustrated, by the allusion to "the eagle knowing not its pathway," nor yet "the whelps of ferocious beasts" being able to "track it:" while the early and eager desire of our race for the possession of the precious metals is pointedly indicated—"Man thrusteth his hand into the sparry ore," and, pursuing his labour by the aid of skill, he "cutteth out channels through the rocks," and "restraineth the waters from oozing." But—which is more to our present purpose—imbedded in this passage is an elementary truth of political economy, which we have marked in *italics*. The ore, "though nothing thought of under the foot," (for while it lies in the ground it is useless,) is "drawn forth and brandished among mankind," and then its value is evolved. "The earth itself," continues the old poet, "poureth forth bread," but below this seat and source of man's sustenance, there "windeth a fiery region," of which "sapphires are its stones," and "gold its ground."

It is curious to see how ancient and how long continued was the belief, that the precious metals were peculiarly the produce of "a fiery region"—that they were "born of flame," or originated by natural or artificial heat. Throughout all ancient times, as we are told by Humboldt, "the idea of remote distance was mixed up with that of tropical heat," in determining the peculiar region of gold, and of all the precious productions of the earth. The alchemists, also, in their vain endeavours to transmute the baser metals into gold, blew up their furnaces, called upon all the elements, "hot and cold, moist and dry," to aid their perspiring efforts, in blessing mankind (as some of them foolishly, and others knavishly, imagined) with the power of procuring a limitless supply of all-conquering gold. A Catalonian lapidary wrote, in 1495, to Christopher Columbus, saying, "So long as your excellency does not find black men, you must not look for great things, real treasures, such as spices, diamonds, and gold." "Yet the gold productiveness of the Ural mountains [which divide Europe and Asia in Russia], which extend northwards to where the snow scarcely thaws during the summer months, and the diamonds which, during Humboldt's Siberian expedition (made at the request of the Emperor Nicholas, in 1829), were discovered by two

of his companions on the European declivity of the Ural, near to the 60th degree of latitude, do not bear out the connexion of gold and diamonds with tropical heat and coloured men. Christopher Columbus," continues Humboldt, "who ascribes a moral and religious value to gold, because, as he says, whoever possesses it obtains what he will in this world—nay, even (by the payment of masses) brings many souls into Paradise—Christopher Columbus was entirely devoted to the system of the Catalonian lapidary. He looked for Zipangu (Japan), which was given out as the gold island, Chrysé; and while sailing (14th of November, 1492) along the coasts of Cuba, which he took for part of the continent of eastern Asia (Cathay), he writes in his log-book, 'from the great heat which I suffer, the country must be rich in gold.'"

Going back again to the book of Job, we find, besides the passage we have quoted, an allusion to the simpler and primitive mode of finding gold, by washing the sands of rivers or streams. "Then shalt thou lay up gold as dust, and the gold of Ophir as the stones of the brooks." But where was this wonderful country, "Ophir," to which, many centuries after Job's time, Solomon sent a fleet, in conjunction with his Phœnician neighbour, and from whence were brought "gold and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks?" We are afraid we must leave the settlement of the point to biblical controversy and geographical antiquaries; though Heeren's idea seems the most reasonable, that Ophir was not a particular name, but a general designation, for "rich southern countries." However, Columbus, who thought that gold was the produce of "a fiery region," thought that he had discovered Solomon's Ophir: for he wrote to Pope Alexander the Sixth, that "the island of Hispaniola (Hayti) is Tarshish, Ophir, and Zipangu."

The increasing commercial energy of Europe during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and the scarcity of the precious metals opposing a barrier to commercial intercourse, from the deficiency of the medium of exchange, caused an extraordinary value to be set on gold. It was this that stimulated the exertions of the alchemists, who, during these centuries, became numerous and active; and it was this, according to a high authority, Humboldt, that urged Columbus on his voyages of discovery. "America was discovered, not (as was so long falsely pretended) because Columbus predicted another continent, but because he sought by the west a nearer way to the gold mines of Japan and the spice-countries in the south-east of Asia." Spain, which had been to the Phœnicians and the Carthaginians an "El Dorado" (golden country), now sought for the famous El Dorado which was supposed to exist somewhere in the interior of South America, and in which (so credulous were the greedy and excited discoverers and conquerors) gold and precious stones were as common as rocks and pebbles in other countries, and to be had for merely picking up! It was some time, however, before the gold and silver actually procured in America began to act on the commerce of Europe—but at last, when they began to be regularly imported, their influence became visible. "A more intimate acquaintance with the history of the metallic productiveness, or gradual discovery of rich and considerable beds of ore in the New World, enables us to explain why the depreciation in the value of the precious metals, or (which is the same thing) the increase in the price of grain and other necessities, first began to be felt towards the middle of the sixteenth century, and more especially between 1570 and 1595. The abundance of silver from the mines of New Spain, and in the Peruvian Andes, then first began to be regularly diffused throughout Europe, and effect a material alteration in the price of wheat, wool, and manufactured wares. The actual opening and working of the mines of Potosi took place in the year 1545; and the famous sermon preached by Latimer before Edward the Sixth, in which he expresses his anger at the increasing price of all the necessities of life, is of the 17th of January, 1548. The English corn-laws, enacted between 1554 and 1688, indicate the accumulation of the precious metals still better, perhaps, than the prices of grain. It is well known that the importation of wheat is only allowed when the price of a given measure has reached a certain standard prescribed by the law. Now, in the reign of Queen Mary (1554),

this limit was six shillings per quarter; under Elizabeth (1593), about twenty; and in the year 1604, under James the First, more than twenty-six." This action of the precious metals on the prices of necessities was, however, very unequal, arising from war, troubles, non-intercourse, and greater or lesser commercial activity. "Careful inquiries," adds our authority, "have shown that in the north of Italy the advance in the prices of grain, wine, and oil, from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, was much less considerable than we might have reasonably concluded, from what is known to us of England, France, and Spain; in which latter countries the prices of grain, since the discovery of America, have advanced four and even six-fold."*

Meantime, while commerce was struggling for expansion, driving alchemists into laboratories, to stew themselves in vain, and sending ardent discoverers across pathless seas, to seek for new countries, and "more gold," another MONEY POWER arose, almost silently, struck out by the sheer necessity of men, and growing gradually until it has reached a gigantic stature, and more than a giant's strength. PAPER, whose invention increased the number of manuscripts, and without which the art of printing would have been of little avail, was called in to the aid of commerce, and now constitutes an essential part of the monetary system of every commercial country. The exact origin of BILLS OF EXCHANGE has been much disputed: perhaps they were occasionally used from an early period, but they began to be used somewhat extensively during the fourteenth century; and we can easily imagine the following to be as near a guess as to the cause of their origin as any other.

Even amongst the Jews—not a very commercial people in their national capacity—we find people who devoted themselves to the business of money-changing. While the Temple stood, foreign Jews, from various parts of the Roman empire, visited Jerusalem; and these, on going up to the Temple, resorted to the money-brokers, to get their foreign coins exchanged for native Jewish money; more especially as foreign coins, being generally impressed with idolatrous emblems, could not be paid into the Temple treasury. A similar practice prevailed in Europe, in the infancy of European commerce. Jews, and others, assembled in the market-places of large towns in Italy, seated on benches, (the word *banco*, a bench, is said to be the origin of bank,) for the purpose of acting as money-changers, and also to lend money to those whom they thought they could trust, or who offered tangible security. Let us fancy two of these bankers in conversation together, on some day when business was not very brisk.

"Dost thou know David, the goldsmith, of Lombard-street, in the city of London?"

"I know him very well; he is a worthy, honest man."

"When I was in London a year ago, I put into his hands one thousand pounds in gold, charging him to keep it safely for me until I returned again. I know that my money is safe, for I sealed up the bag in his presence, with mine own seal. But I am desirous of having possession of it again, without journeying to London myself, and I do not know any safe and trusty person whom I could request to bring it."

"Ah! how very convenient that is! I have been meditating a journey to London this many a day, to buy, and sell, and get gain: but I am fearful of travelling with much money in my possession, for it is exceedingly dangerous. Now, I will give you, here, one thousand pounds in gold, if you will give me a letter to David the goldsmith, desiring him to pay to me the thousand pounds which he has of thine in his possession."

The bargain is struck; the one money-broker gets his thousand pounds, without the trouble, the risk, the expense, and the delay, of sending to London for the sum; the other travels lightly loaded, and therefore with less risk, with less anxiety, with less trouble, and with less expense, and gets his thousand pounds on presenting his "letter of credit" in Lombard-street.

The example which we here give is, of course, quite a gratuitous

* Humboldt on the Fluctuations in the Supplies of Gold.

one, especially in the use of the name of London; for bills of exchange were introduced into the commerce of the Continent, before that of England. But in some such way as this, it is very probable, bills of exchange originated; and the convenience of the practice would soon make it general. Then, as the convenience of money-changing caused it to be taken up as a business, or as part of a business, so the buying and selling of bills of exchange would soon become a business; for, in times when commercial intercourse was neither very regular nor very safe, merchants would freely pay a small sum for the use of one. Thus, out of necessity, out of convenience, out of the increasing wants, advancing civilisation, and commercial activity of Europe, arose the now complicated and refined system of bills of exchange.

The business of banking was of slow growth. The Jews in England, until their banishment, were our earliest money-brokers; then the Italian merchants, who, under the name of Lombards, gave name to Lombard-street; then the London goldsmiths, who, from being mere dealers in bullion and foreign coin, became lenders and borrowers of money. The merchants of London occasionally used the Mint in the Tower, as a safe place of deposit, until Charles I. took possession of 200,000*l.*—so lodged; that is, he robbed the merchants, who, under the idea of placing perfect confidence in government, put their money into the care of a Government officer. After this, the goldsmiths, by pledging their own personal credit and resources for money deposited with them, fairly originated the banking system in London. Banks existed on the Continent long before they were established in England. The bank of Amsterdam, founded in 1609, was a bank of deposit, receiving foreign, and clipped and worn coin, and giving *I O U*'s for the value; these bits of paper representing certain specified amounts of cash lying in the coffers of the bank, and thus passed from hand to hand, as representatives of real and actual value.

Arrived at this point, we can look back and see the convenience of it, as compared with previous modes of transacting business.

First, then, in order to get out of a state of barter, men seek for something by which they may be enabled easily to exchange with one another. They find this in the precious metals, and these are exchanged by weight, as well as by testing the purity or value of the bars or bullion. But this double work causes great delay and inconvenience, and so the business of making money passes into the hands of rulers and governments, who cut up gold and silver into certain sizes and weights, and by stamping an image or superscription on the coins, enable every one by a glance (that is, if the government is honest, and the coin is genuine) to discern how much weight or value there is in them. But though this is a great advantage, though it saves time and facilitates business, still there are disadvantages. The merchant must keep a large stock of coin; his house is liable to be robbed; every bargain causes buyer and seller to count and carry money, which is a loss of time and labour. How convenient then to have a "House of Refuge" for spare cash—a strong building in which it may lie secure, and where small amounts can be obtained, as they are wanted, from time to time? And how still more convenient is it, instead of carrying five hundred pounds in gold or silver, tied up in a bag, or locked up in a box, to be able to fold up a bit of paper, put it in one's pocket, and to hand it to a neighbour, who takes it in exchange for goods, knowing that it represents the amount of hard cash lying in the coffers of the bank.

But here we come to another stand-still. These bits of paper are very convenient, but they do not add anything to the money circulation. The cash lies idle while the paper is doing its duty. Why should the cash lie idle? If the paper, representing the cash, answers all the wants of the community, then there seems no great necessity for disturbing the cash. But what if the population is increasing? What if trade is increasing? And, consequently, or rather antecedently, what if the produce extracted from the earth is increasing, there being more hands to grow it, and more mouths to eat it? Then there will be more exchanges, and more money wanted to effect those exchanges. Thus gradually do we come to the great contrivance of modern times, the business of

banking, and of making paper-money—a contrivance that has done us enormous good, and, owing to ignorance, mismanagement, and reckless stupidity, enormous evil.

The good consists in saving time and labour, in facilitating bargains, and stimulating production. The spare cash which a merchant, a minor, or a widow may have, is deposited in a bank, and lent out to those who may have land, but no money with which to buy agricultural implements, or to hire labourers; or it is lent to those who have intelligence, activity, and strength, but no money to rent and stock a shop, or to manufacture goods. Besides, bankers, being possessed of lands, houses, ships, &c., which are not cash, though they are *value*, issue their bits of paper, "promises to pay," and thus add to the public convenience. More produce adds to human comfort; an increase of human comfort increases human population: for the greater the number of human beings in "easy circumstances," the greater the number of marriages, and the greater the number of children who escape the perils of poverty, bad food, bad clothing, bad shelter, and scarcely any medical attendance, and who, therefore, rise into maturity, and add to the number of human beings that compose a nation.

But as the alchemists did not dream that the discovery of an easy mode of turning other metals into gold would prove to be a useless discovery, or rather a pernicious one; and as our early voyagers never thought that the discovery of an "El Dorado," where gold could be had in any quantity for the picking up, would be of little value compared with a land "abounding with milk and honey, corn and oil;" so, down to a recent period, it was hardly ever imagined, except by a few thinking folks, that there could be too much paper-money. This error has been the curse—the dark side—of banks and banking, both in England and the United States. With the establishment of the Bank of England began the enormous system of credit, of borrowing, of anticipation, which has quite altered the aspect of the world. With the Bank of England began, literally, the NATIONAL DEBT, that tremendous amount of paper-money now representing *nothing*, but which is transferred from hand to hand as a species of property, is made to represent property, is exchanged for property. The Bank of England began with lending its first subscribed stock to government; it issued no notes lower than 20*l.*, till 1759, during which time the national debt was gradually increasing. It began to issue notes as low as 10*l.*, and the national debt multiplied. From 1793 and 1797 it began to issue 5*l.*, and 2*l.*, and 1*l.* notes; and during the last war it was saved the trouble of paying cash for its paper; and now the national debt is the hugest sum that ever stood in figures as a debt. We, in fact, anticipated the produce of Great Britain for years, until we could literally anticipate no longer. Yet the borrowed money (the *I O U*'s of which now constitute our debt), though chiefly wasted in war, stimulated production, and increased our population; it created as well as destroyed; along with our inventions and our manufactures it brought up Britain to its present condition; and those who flipantly talk of "sponging out" the national debt, must also "sponge out" the human beings whom it has helped to call into existence, and who are maintained by the increased productiveness of our country—that is, by the sums annually raised to pay the interest of the debt.

We look back with some degree of pity on our ancestors, who had bad roads, and no railroads; our successors will be amazed at our folly in restricting the power of making metal-money to government, and committing the more terrible power of making paper-money to private individuals. The precious metals have a natural limit, and a natural price; they are not superabundant; and with the rapid intercourse now generally enjoyed, we can hardly suppose them to be so suddenly accumulated in any particular country as suddenly to affect the prices of produce. But an amount of paper-money may be poured out in a single day which will suddenly affect all prices and all purses for several years. We transport the poor ignorant coiner, who has tried to pass a bad half-crown; but the knowing banker may roll past in a

carriage, maintained out of the pockets of thousands who fancy that their money is their own.

It is a year of plenty; the harvest has been abundant; prices fall; it is easy to get bills discounted at a low rate of interest; the bankers pour out paper-money; manufacturers purchase cotton, and mills are driving; shopkeepers get large stocks, and employ tradesmen to re-dress and ornament their places of business; the very annuitant "out of business" feels the stir, borrows money and invests it in some promising speculation; artists get commissions; publishers are in spirits and put out their horns; poor authors get new black coats, an extra change of linen, and look very authoritative and big, for books and "articles" are in demand; nay, the mechanic at 30s. a-week not only finds his money go further than it did, but finds work easier to procure.

Next year the harvest is bad, but nobody thinks much about it. Prices begin to rise, but paper-money can easily be procured at the bank; bills are easily discounted; the game is still going on; if a bank-director has his attention pointed to the rising, or rather the falling thermometer, he says, "Poh! it is only a passing cloud; next harvest will set all right." And so, to a certain extent, it would, provided it were good. But it is bad; prices rise so high as to enable importers to bring in foreign corn, either at a low rate of duty, or no duty at all; persons hurry to the bank with its "promises to pay," and get gold for paper; this gold is sent abroad, because it is profitable to do so; the bank diminishes its paper-money in circulation in order to save itself—raises the rate of interest—refuses to discount so many bills as it did; speculations turn out failures, or not so profitable as they were expected to do; and the very mechanic, who thinks that he has nothing to do with the "derangements of the money-market," finds his 30s. not to go so far, by one-third, as it did two years ago, while work is more difficult to procure.

There are two great countries, all but united into one, which have witnessed, and will witness, again and again, all the disastrous evils arising from these terrible fluctuations, so long as there are prohibitory restrictions on the importation of food, and so long as private individuals, with scarcely a check upon them, have the power of making paper-money, and thus the power to make prices fly up and down, the power to lower the rate of interest, and the power to raise it; the power of making profit, by making money plentiful; the power of making profit, by making money scarce; and thus the power of emptying the pockets of the community into their own. As there is but one manufactory of metal-money in each country, there should be but one manufactory of paper-money, and both should be under effectual control. The government bank of issue should not be allowed to trade with its "promises."

WHALE AND SEAL BONES AS MANURE.

THE Emperor Nicholas lately published an Ukase, forbidding the further exportation of bones. The Russians are adopting the new manure, and, having tested its virtues, are commanded to keep, in the words of the proverb, "their own fish-guts to their own sea-maws." But the trade of grinding bones to fatten turnips will go on in spite of them. Russia is not all the world; and every one knows the power of British gold in drawing hidden stores to light, the bare existence of which was not even suspected. In talking over this subject with Mr. Maxwell, of Gribton, he suggested one patent mode of correcting deficiency, should deficiency arise. Our whalers, in visiting the frozen north, leave behind immense magazines of bones, which may yet form a great article of traffic. Not unfrequently the ships return clean, or only half-filled with blubber; then why not complete the stowage with bones, wherever room is left? or deposit them, when the ship is otherwise full, in some place of safety, for future contingencies? The bones of whales and seals may not be quite so good as those of land animals; but the difference is not so great as to mar the traffic, should deficiency of the latter threaten marked enhancement of price. The art of manuring is as yet in its infancy, and practical chemistry has revelations to make in this department, which will supply more and more what the Emperor Nicholas is pleased to withhold.—*Dumfries Courier*.

DOMESTIC DIFFICULTIES IN THE BACK-WOODS.*

THE book, whose title is given below, professes to be actual sketches of emigrant life, though the medium through which they are presented is a fictitious one. "I claim," says the reputed fair author, "for these straggling and cloudy crayon-sketches of life and manners in the remoter parts of Michigan, the merit of general truth of outline. Beyond this I venture not to aspire. I felt somewhat tempted to set forth my little book as being entirely, what it is very nearly, a veritable history—an unimpeachable transcript of reality—a rough picture, in detached parts, but pentographed from the life—a sort of 'Emigrant's Guide;' considering within myself that these my adventurous journeyings and tarryings beyond the confines of civilisation, might fairly be held to confer the traveller's privilege. But conscience prevailed, and I must honestly confess that there be glosses, and colourings, and lights, if not shadows, for which the author is alone accountable. Journals published entire and unaltered should be Parthian darts, sent abroad only when one's back is turned. To throw them in the teeth of one's every-day associates, might diminish one's popularity rather inconveniently. I would desire the courteous reader to bear in mind, however, that whatever is quite unnatural, or absolutely incredible, in the few incidents which diversify the following pages, is to be received as literally true. It is only in the most common-place parts (if there be comparisons) that I have any leasing-making to answer for."

Mrs. Clavers's husband made a "speculation in wild lands," and intended to found a village. "The madness of the people," in those days of golden dreams, took more commonly the form of city-building; but there were a few who contented themselves with planting villages, on the banks of streams which certainly never could be expected to bear navies, but which might yet be turned to account in the more homely way of grinding or sawing—operations which must necessarily be performed somewhere for the well-being of those very cities. It is of one of these humble attempts that it is my lot to speak, and I make my confession at the outset, warning any fashionable reader who may have taken up my book that I intend to be 'decidedly low.'

"The western fever was then at its height, and each day brought its thousands to Detroit. Every tavern of every calibre was as well filled as ours, and happy he who could find a bed anywhere. Fifty cents was the price of six feet by two of the bar-room floor, and these choice lodgings were sometimes disposed of by the first served at 'thirty per cent. advance.' The country inns were thronged in proportion; and your horse's hay cost you nowhere less than a dollar *per diem*; while, throughout the whole territory west of Detroit, the only masticable articles set before the thousands of hungry travellers were salt ham and bread, for which you had the satisfaction of paying like a prince."

A settler, in whose log-hut Mrs. Clavers spent her first night in the "wilds," gave her the benefit of her experience, by telling her what troubles her "good man" and herself came through. "We had most awful hard times at first. Many's the day I've worked from sunrise till dark in the fields, gathering brush heaps and burning stumps. But that's all over now; and we've got four times as much land as we ever should have owned in York-State."

"I have since had occasion to observe that this forms a prominent and frequent theme of self-gratulation among the settlers in Michigan. The possession of a large number of acres is esteemed a great good, though it makes but little difference in the owner's mode of living. Comforts do not seem to abound in proportion to landed increase, but often, on the contrary, are really diminished for the sake of it; and the habit of selling out so frequently makes that *home-feeling*, which is so large an ingredient in happiness elsewhere, almost a nonentity in Michigan. The man who holds himself ready to accept the first advantageous offer, will not be very solicitous to provide those minor accommodations, which, though essential to domestic comfort, will not add to the moneyed value of his farm, which he considers merely an article of trade, and which he knows his successor will look upon in the same light. I have sometimes thought that our neighbours forget that 'the days of man's life are three-score years and ten,' since they spend all their lives in getting ready to begin."

Mrs. Clavers encountered the usual difficulties of corduroy

* A New Home—Who'll Follow? or, Glimpses of Western Life. By Mrs. Mary Clavers, an actual Settler.—New York, 1839.

roads, no roads, mud holes, and marshes, in her "progress," and was temporarily sheltered in a neighbour's log-house, until one could be thrown up for her family. Becoming impatient of being pinned up with her children in a neighbour's house, she determined, in the absence of her husband, to remove into her own unfinished habitation. "As I was by this time, truth to speak, very nearly starved, I was anxious to go as soon as possible to a place where I could feel a little more at home; and so completely had my nine days at Ketchum's brought down my ideas, that I anticipated real satisfaction in a removal to this hut in the wilderness. I would not wait for Mr. Clavers's return, but insisted on setting up for myself at once.

"But I should in vain attempt to convey to those who know nothing of the woods any idea of the difficulties in my way. If one's courage did not increase and one's invention brighten under the stimulus of such occasions, I should have given up at the outset, as I have often done with far less cause.

"It was no easy matter to get a 'lady' to clean the place, and ne'er had place more need of the tutelary aid of the goddess of scrubbing-brushes. Then this lady must be provided with the necessary utensils, and here arose dilemma upon dilemma. Mrs. Ketchum rendered what aid she could, but there was little superfluous in her house.

"And then such racing and chasing, such messages and requisitions! Mrs. Jennings 'couldn't do nothin' without a mop,' and I had not thought of such a thing, and was obliged to sacrifice on the spot sundry nice towels, a necessity which made all the housekeeping blood in my veins tingle.

"After one day's experience of this sort, I decided to go myself to the scene of action, so as to be at hand for these trying occasions; and I induced Mr. Ketchum to procure a wagon, and carry to our new home the various articles which we had piled in a hovel on his premises.

"Behold me then, seated on a box, in the midst of as anomalous a congregation of household goods as ever met under one roof in the back-woods, engaged in the seemingly hopeless task of calling order out of chaos, attempting occasionally to throw out a hint for the instruction of Mrs. Jennings, who uniformly replied by requesting me not to fret, as she knew what she was about.

"Mr. Jennings, with the aid of his sons, undertook the release of the pent-up myriads of articles which crammed the boxes, many of which, though ranked when they were put in as absolutely essential, seemed ridiculously superfluous when they came out. The many observations made by the spectators as each new wonder made its appearance, though at first rather amusing, became, after a while, quite vexatious; for the truth began to dawn upon me that the common sense was all on their side.

"What on airth's them gimcracks for?" said my lady, as a nest of delicate jappanned tables were set out upon the uneven floor.

"I tried to explain to her the various convenient uses to which they were applicable; but she looked very scornfully after all, and said, 'I guess they'll do better for kindlin' than anything else, here.' And I began to cast a disrespectful glance upon them myself, and forthwith ordered them up stairs, wondering in my own mind how I could have thought a log house would afford space for such superfluities.

"All this time there was a blazing fire in the chimney, to accommodate Mrs. Jennings in her operations, and while the doors and windows were open we were not sensible of much discomfort from it. Supper was prepared and eaten—beds spread on the floor, and the children stowed away. Mrs. Jennings and our other 'helps' had departed, and I prepared to rest from my unutterable weariness, when I began to be sensible of the suffocating heat of the place. I tried to think it would grow cooler in a little while, but it was absolutely insufferable to the children as well as myself, and I was fain to set both doors open, and in this exposed situation passed the first night in my western home, alone with my children, and far from any neighbour.

"If I could live a century, I think that night will never fade from my memory. Excessive fatigue made it impossible to avoid falling asleep, yet the fear of being devoured by wild beasts, or poisoned by rattlesnakes, caused me to start up after every nap with sensations of horror and alarm, which could hardly have been increased by the actual occurrence of all I dreaded. Many wretched hours passed in this manner. At length sleep fairly overcame fear, and we were awakened only by a wild storm of wind and rain, which drove in upon us, and completely wetted everything within reach.

"A doleful morning was this—no fire on the hearth—streams of water on the floor, and three hungry children to get breakfast for.

I tried to kindle a blaze with matches, but alas! even the straw from the packing-boxes was soaked with the cruel rain; and I was distributing bread to the hungry, hopeless of anything more, when Mr. Jennings made his appearance.

"I was thinking you'd begin to be sick o' your bargain by this time," said the good man, "and so I thought I'd come and help you a spell. I reckon you'd ha' done better to have waited till the old man got back."

"What old man?" asked I, in perfect astonishment.

"Why, *your* old man, to be sure," said he, laughing. I had yet to learn that in Michigan, as soon as a man marries he becomes 'th' old man,' though he may be yet in his minority. Not long since I gave a young bride the 'how d' ye do?' in passing, and the reply was, 'I'm pretty well, but my old man's sick a-bed.'

"But, to return. Mr. Jennings kindled a fire, which I took care should be a very moderate one; and I managed to make a cup of tea to dip our bread in, and then proceeded to find places for the various articles which strewed the floor. Some auger-holes bored in the logs received large and long pegs, and these served to support boards which were to answer the purpose of shelves. It was soon found that the multiplicity of articles which were to be accommodated on these shelves would fill them a dozen times.

"Now, to my thinkin'," said my good genius, Mr. Jennings, "that 'ere soup-t'reen, as you call it, and them little ones, and these here great glass dishes, and all *sich*, might just as well go up chamber for all the good they'll ever do you here."

"This could not be gainsaid; and the good man proceeded to exalt them to another set of extempore shelves in the upper story; and so many articles were included in the same category, that I began to congratulate myself on the increase of clear space below, and to fancy we should soon begin to look very comfortable.

"My ideas of comfort were by this time narrowed down to a well-swept room, with a bed in one corner, and cooking-apparatus in another—and this in some fourteen days from the city! I can scarcely, myself, credit the reality of the change.

"It was not till I had occasion to mount the ladder that I realised that all I had gained on the confusion below was most hopelessly added to the confusion above, and I came down with such a sad and thoughtful brow, that my good aide-de-camp perceived my perplexity.

"Hadn't I better go and try to get one of the neighbour's gals to come and help you for a few days?" said he.

"I was delighted with the offer, and gave him carte-blanche as to terms, which I afterwards found was a mistake; for, where sharp bargains are the grand aim of everybody, those who express anything like indifference on the subject are set down at once as having more money than they know what to do with; and as this was far from being my case, I found reason to regret having given room for the conclusion.

"The damsel made her appearance before a great while—a neat-looking girl, with 'scarlet hair and belt to match'; and she immediately set about 'reconciling,' as she called it, with a good degree of energy and ingenuity. I was forced to confess that she knew much better than I how to make a log house comfortable.

"She began by turning out of doors the tall cup-board, which had puzzled me all the morning, observing very justly, 'Where there ain't no room for a thing, why, there ain't'; and this decision cut the Gordian knot of all my plans and failures in the disposal of the ungainly convenience. It did yeoman's service long afterwards as a corn-crib.

"When the bedsteads were to be put up, the key was missing; and after we had sent far and wide, and borrowed a key, or the substitute for one, no screws could be found, and we were reduced to the dire necessity of trying to keep the refractory posts in their places by means of ropes. Then there were candles, but no candlesticks. This seemed at first rather inconvenient; but when Mr. Jennings had furnished blocks of wood with auger holes bored in them for sockets, we could do nothing but praise the ingenuity of the substitute.

"My rosy-haired Phillida, who rejoiced in the euphonious appellation of Angeline, made herself entirely at home, looking into my trunks, &c., and asking the price of various parts of my dress. She wondered why I had not my hair cut off, and said she reckoned I would before long, as it was all the fashion about here.

"When d' ye expect *him*?" said the damsel, with an air of sisterly sympathy, and ere I could reply becomingly, a shout of 'tiny joy' told me that papa had come.

"I did not cry for sorrow this time."

"The circumstance of living all summer in the same apartment

with a cooking-fire, I had never happened to see alluded to in any of the elegant sketches of western life which had fallen under my notice. It was not until I actually became the inmate of a log dwelling in the wilds that I realised fully what 'living all in one room' meant. The sleeping apparatus for the children and the sociable Angeline were in the loft; but my own bed, with its cunning fence of curtains; my bureau, with its 'Alps on Alps' of boxes and books; my entire cooking array; my centre-table, which bore, sad change! the remains of to-day's dinner, and the preparations for to-morrow, all covered mysteriously under a large cloth, the only refuge from the mice: these and ten thousand other things, which a summer's day would not suffice me to enumerate, cumbered this one single apartment; and to crown the whole was the inextinguishable fire, which I had entirely forgotten when I magnanimously preferred living in a log-house, to remaining in Detroit till a house could be erected. I had, besides the works to which I have alluded, dwelt with delight on Chateaubriand's 'Atala,' where no such vulgar inconvenience is once hinted at: and my floating visions of a home in the woods were full of important omissions, and always in a Floridian clime, where fruits serve for *vivres*.

"The inexorable dinner hour, which is passed *sub silentio* in imaginary forests, always recurs, in real woods, with distressing iteration, once in twenty-four hours, as I found to my cost. And the provoking people for whom I had undertaken to provide, seemed to me to get hungry oftener than ever before. There was no end to the bread that the children ate from morning till night—at least it seemed so; while a tin reflector was my only oven, and the fire required for baking drove us all out of doors.

"Washing days, proverbial elsewhere for indescribable horrors, were our times of jubilee. Mrs. Jennings, who long acted as my factotum on these occasions, always performed the entire operation, *al fresco*, by the side of the creek, with

'A kettle slung

Between two poles, upon a stick *transversée*.'

"I feel much indebted to Cowper for having given a poetical grace to the arrangement. 'The shady shadow of an umbrageous tree' (I quote from an anonymous author) served for a canopy, and there the bony dame generally made a pic-nic meal, which I took care to render as agreeable as possible, by sending as many different articles as the basket could be persuaded to receive, each contained in that characteristic of the country, a pint bowl.

"But, oh! the ironing days! Memory shrinks from the review. Some of the ordinary household affairs could be managed by the aid of a fire made on some large stones at a little distance from the house; and this did very well when the wind sat in the right quarter; which it did not always, as witness the remains of a pretty pink gingham, which fell a sacrifice to my desire for an afternoon's cup of coffee. But the ironing and the baking were imperious; and my forest Hecate, who seemed at times to belong to the salamander tribe, always made as much fire as the stick-chimney, with its crumbling clay-lining, would possibly bear. She often succeeded in bringing to a white heat the immense stone which served as a chimney back, while the deep gaps in the stone hearth, which Alice called the rocky mountains, were filled with burning coals out to the very floor. I have sometimes suspected that the woman loved to torment me, but perhaps I wrong her. She was used to it, I dare say, for she looked like one exsiccated in consequence of ceaseless perspiration.

"When the day declined, and its business was laid aside, it was our practice to walk to and fro before the door, till the house had been thoroughly cooled by the night-air; and these promenades, usually made pleasant by long talks about home, and laughing conjectures as to what ——— and ——— would say if they could see our new way of life, were frequently prolonged to a late hour. And to this most imprudent indulgence we could not but trace the agues which soon prostrated most of us.

"We had, to be sure, been warned by our eastern friends that we should certainly have the ague, do what we might; but we had seen so many persons who had been settled for years in the open country, and who were yet in perfect health, that we had learned to imagine ourselves secure. I am still of the opinion that care and rational diet will enable most persons to avoid this terrible disease; and I record this grave medical view of things for the encouragement and instruction of such of my city friends as may hereafter find themselves borne westward by the irresistible current of affairs; trusting that the sad fate of their predecessors will deter them from walking in the open air till ten o'clock at night without hat or shawl."

We pass over the melancholy time of the "ague seasoning,"

when Mrs. Clavers was ill without attendance (for the neighbours thought them proud, and did not tender it), and poor Mr. Clavers, not very handy in domestic matters, did his best to nurse his wife and attend to the children. "The result was that we were in a sad case enough. Oh! for one of those feminine men who can make good gruel and wash the children's faces! Mr. Clavers certainly did his best, and who can more? But the hot side of the bowl always *would* come to his fingers—and the sauce-pan *would* overset, let him balance it ever so nicely. And then—such hungry children! They wanted to eat all the time. After a day's efforts, he began to complain that stooping over the fire made him very dizzy. I was quite self-absorbed, or I should have noticed such a complaint from one who makes none without cause; but the matter went on, until, when I asked for my gruel, he had very nearly fallen on the coals in the attempt to take it from the fire. He staggered to the bed, and was unable to sit up for many days after.

"When matters reached this pitch—when we had literally no one to prepare food, or look after the children—little Bell added to the sick-list, too—our physician proved our good genius. He procured a nurse from a considerable distance; and it was through his means that good Mrs. Danforth heard of our sad condition, and sent us a maiden of all work, who materially amended the aspect of our domestic affairs.

"Our agues were tremendous. I used to think I should certainly die in my ten or twelve hours' fever—and Mr. Clavers confidently asserted, several times, that the upper half of his head was taking leave of the lower. But the event proved that we were both mistaken; for our physician verified his own assertion, that an ague was as easily managed as a common cold, by curing us both in a short time after our illness had assumed the intermittent form."

A gentleman called on Mrs. Clavers, "who had come to Montacute with the view of settling his son, 'a wild chap,' he said, a lawyer by profession, and not very fond of work of any sort; but as he himself had a good deal of land in the vicinity, he thought his son might find full employment in attending to it, adding such professional business as might occur.

"But what I wished particularly to say, my dear madam," said he, 'regards rather my son's wife than himself. She is a charming girl, and accustomed to much indulgence; and I have felt afraid that a removal to a place so new as this might be too trying to her. I knew you must be well able to judge of the difficulties to be encountered here, and took the liberty of calling on that account.'

"I was so much pleased with the idea of having a neighbour, whose habits might in some respect accord with my own, that I fear I was scarcely impartial in the view which I gave Mr. Rivers of the possibilities of Montacute. At least, I communicated only such as rises before my own mind, while watching perhaps a glorious sunset reflected in the glassy pond: my hyacinths in all their glory; the evening breeze beginning to sigh in the tree-tops; the children just coming in after a fine frolic with D'Orsay (a greyhound) on the grass; and papa and Prince returning up the lane. At such times, I always conclude, that Montacute is, after all, a dear little world; and I am probably quite as near the truth, as when,

—' on some cold rainy day,

When the birds cannot show a dry feather;'

when Arthur comes in with a pound of mud on each foot, D'Orsay at his heels, bringing in as much more; little Bell crying to go out to play; Charlie prodigiously fretful with his prospective tooth; and some gaunt marauder from 'up north,' or 'out west,' sits talking on 'bis'ness,' and covering my andirons with tobacco juice—I determine sagely that a life in the woods is worse than no life at all. One view is, I insist, as good as the other; but I told Mr. Rivers he must make due allowance for my desire to have his fair daughter-in-law for a neighbour, with which he departed; and I felt that my gloom had essentially lightened in consequence of his visit.

"It was on one of our superlatively doleful ague days, when a cold drizzling rain had sent mildew into our unfortunate bones, and I lay in bed, burning with fever, while my stronger half sat by the fire, taking his chill with his great-coat, hat, and boots on, that Mr. Rivers came to introduce his young daughter-in-law. I shall never forget the utterly disconsolate air which, in spite of the fair lady's politeness, would make itself visible in the pauses of our conversation. She did try not to cast a curious glance round the room. She fixed her eyes on the fire-place—but there were the clay-filled sticks, instead of a chimney-piece—the half-consumed

wooden crane, which had, more than once, let our dinner fall—the rocky-mountain hearth, and the reflector, baking biscuits for tea—so she thought it hardly polite to appear to dwell too long there. She turned towards the window: there were the shelves, with our remaining crockery, a grotesque assortment! and, just beneath, the unnameable iron and tin affairs, that are reckoned among the indispensables even of the half-civilised state. She tried the other side, but there was the ladder, the flour-barrel, and a host of other things—rather odd parlour furniture—and she cast her eyes on the floor, with its gaping cracks wide enough to admit a rattlesnake from below, and its inequalities, which might trip any but a sylph. The poor thing looked absolutely confounded, and I exerted all the energy my fever had left me, to try to say something a little encouraging.

"Come to-morrow morning, Mrs. Rivers," said I, "and you shall see the aspect of things quite changed, and I shall be able to tell you a great deal in favour of this wild life."

"She smiled faintly, and tried not to look miserable, but I saw plainly that she was sadly depressed, and I could not feel surprised that she should be so. Mr. Rivers spoke very kindly to her, and filled up all the pauses in our forced talk with such cheering observations as he could muster."

But Mrs. Clavers began to get over her troubles. "The winter—the much-dreaded winter in the woods, strange to tell, flew away more rapidly than any previous winter of my life. One has so much to do in the country. The division of labour is almost unknown. If in absolutely savage life each man is of necessity 'his own tailor, tent-maker, carpenter, cook, huntsman, and fisherman,'—so in the state of society which I am attempting to describe, each woman is, at times at least, her own cook, chamber-maid, and waiter; nurse, seamstress, and schoolma'am; not to mention various occasional callings to any one of which she must be able to turn her hand at a moment's notice. And every man, whatever his circumstances or resources, must be qualified to play groom, teamster, or boot-black, as the case may be; besides 'tending the baby' at odd times, and cutting wood to cook his dinner with. If he has good sense, good nature, and a little spice of practical philosophy, all this goes exceedingly well. He will find neither his mind less cheerful, nor his body less vigorous, for these little sacrifices. If he is too proud or too indolent to submit to such infringements upon his dignity and ease, most essential deductions from the daily comfort of his family will be the mortifying and vexatious result of his obstinate adherence to early habits."

As Mrs. Clavers learned to adapt herself to her situation, and to be "neighbourly," she soon found out how free and easy her country people are in the "back-woods." "'Mother wants your sifter,' said Miss Ianthe Howard, a young lady of six years' standing, attired in a tattered calico, thickened with dirt; her unkempt locks straggling from underneath that hideous substitute for a bonnet, so universal in the western country, a dirty cotton handkerchief, which is used, *ad nauseam*, for all sorts of purposes."

"'Mother wants your sifter, and she says she guesses you can let her have some sugar and tea,' 'cause you've got plenty."

"This excellent reason 'cause you've got plenty,' is conclusive as to sharing with your neighbours. Whoever comes into Michigan with nothing will be sure to better his condition, but woe to him that brings with him any thing like an appearance of abundance, whether of money or mere household conveniences! To have them and not be willing to share them in some sort with the whole community, is an unpardonable crime. You must lend your best horse, *qui que ce soit*, to go ten miles over hill and marsh, in the darkest night, for a doctor; or your team to travel twenty after a 'gal'; your wheelbarrows, your shovels, your utensils of all sorts, belong not to yourself, but to the public, who do not think it necessary even to ask a loan, but take it for granted. The two saddles and bridles of Montacute spend most of their time travelling from house to house a-manback; and I have actually known a stray martingale to be traced to four dwellings two miles apart, having been lent from one to another, without a word to the original proprietor, who sat waiting, not very patiently, to commence a journey."

"Then within doors, an inventory of your plenishing of all sorts would scarcely more than include the articles which you are solicited to lend. Not only are all kitchen utensils as much your neighbours as your own, but bedsteads, beds, blankets, sheets, travel from house to house, a pleasant and effectual mode of securing the perpetuity of certain efflorescent peculiarities of the skin, for which Michigan is becoming almost as famous as the land 'twixt Maiden-

kirk and John o' Groat's.' Sieves, smoothing-irons, and churns, run about as if they had legs; one brass kettle is enough for a whole neighbourhood; and I could point to a cradle which has rocked half the babies in Montacute. For my own part I have lent my broom, my thread, my tape, my spoons, my cat, my thimble, my scissors, my shawl, my shoes; and have been asked for my combs and brushes; and my husband for his shaving apparatus and his pantaloons."

"But the cream of the joke lies in the manner of the thing. It is so straight-forward and honest, none of your hypocritical servility and servile gratitude! Your true republican, when he finds that you possess anything which would contribute to his convenience, walks in with—

"'Are you going to use your horses to-day?' if horses happen to be the thing he needs."

"'Yes, I shall probably want them.'"

"'Oh, well; if you want them—I was thinking to get 'em to go up north a piece.'"

"Or perhaps the desired article comes within the female department."

"'Mother wants to get some butter: that 'ere butter you bought of Miss Barton this mornin'."

And away goes your golden store, to be repaid perhaps with some cheesy, greasy stuff, brought in a dirty pail, with, 'Here's your butter!'

"A girl came in to borrow a 'wash-dish,' 'because we've got company.' Presently she came back: 'Mother says you've forgot to send a towel.'"

"The pen and ink, and a sheet o' paper and a wafer,' is no unusual request; and when the pen is returned, you are generally informed that you sent 'an awful bad pen.'"

"I have been frequently reminded of one of Johnson's humorous sketches. A man returning a broken wheelbarrow to a Quaker, with, 'Here, I've broke your rotten wheelbarrow usin' on't. I wish you'd get it mended right off, 'cause I want to borrow it again this afternoon.' The Quaker is made to reply, 'Friend, it shall be done:' and I wish I possessed more of his spirit."

Our space precludes us from taking any notice of the amusing "gossip" of Montacute—its scandal, small talk, and rivalries. The settlement, however, is "progressing;" new buildings springing up; loggeries becoming scarce; and ladies beginning to wear silk dresses on Sundays. The Claverses were staggered in the outset of their career by the swindling of a "land-shark," but they now inhabit a "framed house," and enjoy the luxuries of a carpet and a piano. "Many English families reside in our vicinity, some of them well calculated to make their way anywhere; close, penurious, grasping, and indefatigable; denying themselves all but the necessities of life, in order to add to their lands, and make the most of their crops; and somewhat apt in bargaining to over-reach even the wary pumpkin-eaters, their neighbours: others to whom all these things seem so foreign and so unsuitable, that one cannot but wonder that the vagaries of fortune should have sent them into so uncongenial an atmosphere. The class last mentioned generally live retired, and show little inclination to mingle with their rustic neighbours; and, of course, they become at once the objects of suspicion and dislike. The principle of 'let-a-be for let-a-be' holds not with us. Whoever exhibits any desire for privacy is set down as 'proud,' or something worse; no matter how inoffensive, or even how benevolent he may be; and of all places in the world in which to live on the shady side of public opinion, an American back-woods settlement is the very worst, as many of these unfortunately mistaken emigrants have been made to feel."

"The better classes of English settlers seem to have left their own country with high-wrought notions of the unbounded freedom to be enjoyed in this; and it is with feelings of angry surprise that they learn, after a short residence here, that this very universal freedom abridges their own liberty to do just as they please in their individual capacity; that the absolute democracy which prevails in country places, imposes as heavy restraints upon one's free will in some particulars, as do the overbearing pride and haughty distinctions of the old world in others; and after one has changed one's whole plan of life, and crossed the wide ocean to find a Utopia, the waking to reality is attended with feelings of no slight bitterness. In some instances, within my knowledge, these feelings of disappointment have been so severe as to neutralise all that was good in American life, and to produce a degree of sour discontent, which increased every real evil, and went far towards alienating the few who were kindly inclined toward the stranger,"

SPORTING IN TRISTAN D'ACUNHA.

MR. EARLE, an artist of very considerable talents, whose enterprising disposition has led him to exercise his profession in all the quarters of the world (the same who accompanied Capt. Fitzroy in the capacity of draughtsman, in his recent circumnavigation of the globe), had once the misfortune to be left by the vessel he had embarked in, upon Tristan d'Acunha, a solitary island in the South Atlantic Ocean, inhabited by a few voluntary settlers. Here he was left in a very desolate condition, for he had nothing on shore with him but the clothes he wore, his dog, his gun, and his sketch-book; but six weary months was he condemned to remain there before any vessel arrived in which he might escape from his ocean-girt prison. The inhabitants, four men, three of them old sailors, and the fourth "a ci-devant corporal of the artillery drivers," and the wives and children of two of them, received Mr. Earle and his companion, one of the sailors of the ship that deserted them, with great kindness, and between sketching, which was at last put a stop to for want of paper—killing sea-elephants, hunting goats, and wild boars, shooting sea-fowl and plundering penguin's nests, he contrived to while away his time. The pillaging of the penguins being a novel kind of sport, we have extracted his account of the process.

"This day we visited what they call a 'penguin rookery.' The spot of ground occupied by our settlers is bounded on each end by high bluffs, which extend far into the sea, leaving a space in front, where all their hogs run nearly wild, as they are prevented going beyond those limits by those natural barriers; and the creatures who, at stated periods, come up from the sea, remain in undisturbed possession of the beaches beyond our immediate vicinity.

"The weather being favourable, we launched our boat early in the morning, for the purpose of procuring a supply of eggs for the consumption of the family. We heard the chattering of the penguins from the rookery long before we landed, which was noisy in the extreme, and groups of them were scattered all over the beach; but the high thick grass on the declivity of the hill seemed their grand establishment, and they were hidden by it from our view. As we could not find any place where we could possibly land our boat in safety, I and two more swam on shore with bags tied round our necks to hold the eggs in, and the boat with one of the men lay off, out of the surf. I should think the ground occupied by these birds (if I may be allowed so to call them) was at least a mile in circumference, covered in every part with grasses and reeds, which grew considerably higher than my head; and on every gentle ascent, beginning from the beach, on all the large grey rocks, which occasionally appeared above this grass, sat perched groups of these strange and uncouth-looking creatures; but the noise which rose up from beneath baffles all description! As our business lay with the noisy part of this community, we quickly crept under the grass and commenced our plundering search, though there needed none, so profuse was the quantity. The scene altogether well merits a better description than I can give,—thousands and hundreds of thousands of these little two-legged erect monsters hopping around us, with voices very much resembling in tone that of the human; all opening their throats together; so thickly clustered in groups that it was almost impossible to place the foot without despatching one of them. The shape of the animal, their curious motions, and their most extraordinary voices, made me fancy myself in a kingdom of pigmies. The regularity of their manners, their all sitting in exact rows, resembling more the order of a camp than a rookery of noisy birds, delighted me. These creatures did not move away on our approach, but only increased their noise, so we were obliged to displace them forcibly from their nests; and this ejection was not produced without a considerable struggle on their parts; and, being armed with a formidable beak, it soon became a scene of desperate warfare. We had to take particular care to protect our hands and legs from their attacks; and for this purpose each one had provided himself with a short stout club. The noise they continued to make during our ramble through their territories the sailors said was, 'Cover 'em up, cover 'em up.' And, however incredible it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that I heard those words so distinctly repeated, and by such various tones of voices, that several times I started, and expected to see one of the men at my elbow. Even these little creatures, as well as the monstrous sea-elephant, appear to keep up a continued warfare.

"As the penguins sit in rows, forming regular lanes leading down to the beach, whenever one of them feels an inclination to refresh herself by a plunge into the sea, she has to run the gauntlet

through the whole street, every one pecking at her as she passes without mercy, and though all are occupied in the same employment, not the smallest degree of friendship seems to exist; and whenever we turned one off her nest she was sure to be thrown amongst foes; and, besides the loss of her eggs, was invariably doomed to receive a severe beating and pecking from her companions. Each one lays three eggs, and, after a time, when the young are strong enough to undertake the journey, they go to sea, and are not again seen till the ensuing spring. Their city is deserted of its numerous inhabitants, and quietness reigns till nature prompts their return the following year, when the same noisy scene is repeated, as the same flock of birds returns to the spot where they were hatched.

"After raising a tremendous tumult in this numerous colony, and sustaining continued combat, we came off victorious, making capture of about a thousand eggs, resembling in size, colour, and transparency of shell, those of a duck; and the taking possession of this immense quantity did not occupy more than one hour, which may serve to prove the incalculable numbers of birds collected together. We did not allow them sufficient time, after landing, to lay all their eggs; for, had the season been further advanced, and we had found three eggs in each nest, the whole of them might probably have proved added, the young partly formed, and the eggs of no use to us; but the whole of those we took turned out good, and had a particularly fine and delicate flavour. It was a work of considerable difficulty to get our booty safe into the boat—so frail a cargo—with so tremendous a surf running against us. However, we finally succeeded, though not without smashing a considerable number of the eggs."

LOMBARD-STREET AND BANKERS IN 1559.

At this period Sir Thomas Gresham resided in Lombard-street, which was then the handsomest street in London; and, like all other bankers and merchants living in that street, he kept a shop. It stood on the site now occupied by the banking-house of Messrs. Stone, Martin, and Co.; and over his door was his crest, a grasshopper, by way of sign. This was no uncommon practice even at a later period; for we are told that the sign of the house in Bread-street, where Milton's father resided, and where Milton was born, was the spread eagle; an heraldic symbol, which appears in the family arms. The original sign of Gresham's shop was seen by Pennant, and, I am informed, continued in existence as lately as the year 1795; when, on the erection of the present building, it disappeared from the station which it had so long occupied over the door; its metallic value having probably aroused the cupidity of some of the labourers. But the term "banker," when applied to a former age, is so likely to produce misconception, that, before proceeding further, it seems advisable to explain it.

A banker in early times pursued a very different trade from that which occupies the attention of the opulent and influential class so called at the present day. It is well known that the latter derive their profits from the employment of fluctuating sums of money, deposited in their hands for convenience and safety by the public, and for the security of which the respectability of the banker is a sufficient guarantee. But this is a refinement of comparatively recent introduction, with which our forefathers were wholly unacquainted. As late as the time of Swift, bankers gave and took a bond on receiving and lending money; and made their profit by obtaining a higher rate of interest (or usury, as it was called) on the latter operation, than they allowed on the former. Ten or twelve per cent. was the customary rate of interest during the reign of Queen Elizabeth; at which period, we mean no disrespect to the banker, when we say that he united in his person the trades of the usurer, the pawnbroker, the money-scrivener, the goldsmith, and the dealer in bullion. A German traveller, who visited England in 1593, says, that he saw in Lombard-street "all sorts of gold and silver vessels exposed to sale, as well as ancient and modern coins, in such quantities as must surprise a man the first time he sees and considers them." At the period of Gresham's death, a considerable portion of his wealth consisted of gold chains.

It is a curious circumstance that Lombard-street should have retained its character as well as its name for at least five centuries and a half; and it may not, perhaps, be out of place to mention that, within the last thirty years, several gold and silver lacemen lived there—a link between the ancient and modern occupants of the street, which has now almost wholly disappeared.—*Life of Gresham.*

THE HIGHLAND DRESS.

MR. SKENE, in his able essay on "The Highlands of Scotland," gives a description of the Highland dress.

"The dress," he says, "of the Highlanders is one in many respects peculiar to that nation, and is so singularly well adapted to their mode of life and the nature of their country, that it is difficult to believe that it is not the original dress of its inhabitants. Of late years, however, the antiquity of this dress, and of the use of the tartan, in the Highlands, has been much doubted; and an opinion has very generally prevailed that it is but of modern invention, or, at all events, that the *truis* is the only ancient form of the dress; although what motive or circumstance could have led to the adoption, at a recent period, of so singular a dress, the doubters of its antiquity do not pretend to specify.

"It would be too much, perhaps, to affirm that the dress, as at present worn, in all its minute details, is ancient; but it is very certain that it is compounded of three varieties in the form of the dress, which were separately worn by the Highlanders in the seventeenth century, and that each of these can be traced back to the most remote antiquity."

Having given his authorities for his assertions, Mr. Skene adds:—

"There is thus a complete chain of authorities for the dress of the Highlanders, from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century, having consisted of the Highland shirt stained with saffron, the Breacan or belted plaid, the short Highland coat, and the Cuaran or buskins, and that their limbs, from the thigh to the ankle, were certainly uncovered.

"Previous to the fourteenth century, we cannot expect to find descriptions of the dress, but the existence of the same dress among the Highlanders can be established by another mode of proof. On the various tomb-stones of the ancient Highland chiefs, still extant in some of the ruined chapels of the western Highlands, are to be seen effigies of these personages, represented clad in armour, and almost invariably in the Highland dress. The dates of these monuments are various; but the most complete evidence, perhaps, of the existence of this garb in the fourteenth century, is to be found in the sculptures of Macmillan's cross. This ancient structure has been preserved in an uninjured state, and is still standing in the village of Kilmory, in Knapdale: although there does not appear any date upon the stone, yet, from the form of the letters in which there is this inscription, 'Crux Alexandri Macmillan,' there can be no doubt that it is at least as old as that period. On one side is the representation of a Highland chief engaged in hunting the deer, and the dress of the figure appears quite distinctly to be after the Highland fashion. But from the Duplin Cross—the date of which can, from various circumstances, be fixed to have been towards the end of the ninth century, there are a number of figures represented in the Highland garb, armed with the target and long spear. Another very remarkable figure is found on the sculptured stone at Nigg—apparently of a still older date,—in which the resemblance to the Highland dress is very striking; presenting also considerable indication of the *sporrán*, or purse. But it would be needless to detail all the sculptured monuments which bear evidence of the existence of the Highland garb: suffice it to say, that they afford complete proof of its having been the ordinary dress of a considerable part of the northern population, from the earliest period of their history."

"The *truis* cannot be traced in the Highlands previous to the sixteenth century; but there is undoubted evidence that it was, from the very earliest period, the dress of the gentry of Ireland. I am inclined, therefore, to think that it was introduced from Ireland, and that the proper and peculiar dress of the Highlanders consisted of the first two varieties above described. The use of tartan in the Highlands at an early period has been denied: but the passages above quoted show clearly, that what is now called tartan was used from an early period in various parts of the

dress. Among the gentry, the plaid was always of tartan, and the coat appears to have been, from 1538, of tartan velvet, and slashed; the short *hoiss* were likewise of tartan; but the Highland shirt was of linen, and dyed with saffron. Among the common people, the plaid was certainly not of tartan, but generally brown in colour, while the shirt worn by them was of tartan. The present dress, with the belted plaid, is exactly the same as the old dress of the gentry, with the exception of the yellow shirt. The dress with the kilt and shoulder-plaid is probably a corruption of the dress of the common people. Among the common people, the shirt was of tartan, and sewed in plaits; and they wore a jacket, and the plaid over the shoulder. This shirt was probably termed *filleadh*, and if divided in the middle would form exactly the present dress with the shoulder-plaid; the lower part of the shirt would be the *filleadh-beg*, or kilt, the upper part the waistcoat, and the jacket and shoulder-plaid would remain. It has likewise been doubted whether the distinction of clan-tartans was known at that period; but Martin seems to set that question at rest, for, in his valuable account of the Western Isles, he says, 'Every isle differs from each other in their fancy of making plaids, as to the stripes, or breadth, or colours. This humour is as different through the mainland of the Highlands, in so far that they who have seen those places are able, at the first view of a man's plaid, to guess the place of his residence.' Among the common people, the jacket was of deer-skin."

PESTH.

PESTH is the modern capital of Hungary, and Buda, which is situated immediately opposite, on the right bank of the Danube, was the ancient one. The famous bridge of boats connects the two cities. All the finest streets in Pesth have been built within the last fifteen years, and many of them still more recently: it is, moreover, daily extending itself, and everything that has been done bears the stamp of great liberality, and the closest attention to all modern improvements. The streets are wide and clean, the houses solid and handsome. The diet hold their sittings here, and many of the Hungarian nobility pass their gay season at Pesth rather than at Vienna. It is evidently the wish of the nation to make a *bona fide* capital city of it, and to support it as such. It holds out allurements to the traveller, more especially to an Englishman, such as, I believe, are to be found in no other city of the same class; and I shall mention what appear to me to be the two principal ones.

In the first place, an Englishman living for a short time in Pesth can at once command, and will even find himself courted by, the very first society, comprising the ancient noblesse of Hungary; this is a desideratum which no foreigner will find so easily attained in any other metropolis, unless he be of very high rank—of course I do not mean to deny that good letters of introduction will be of great service anywhere, or that many persons, by their irresistible fascinations, will at length overcome this freezing reserve of the most haughty aristocrat in Europe; but still this is a great deal of trouble. It is, as I said before, to the English that this favour and cordiality are particularly shown, as belonging to a nation which they love, esteem, and respect above all others. There is a club-house newly built, which, for perfect arrangements in all departments, for comfort, and for magnificence, can scarcely be surpassed. There are ball-rooms, billiard-rooms, libraries, and reading-rooms, where may be found newspapers of all countries, and the best periodical publications in every European language. To this club-house, our *valet de place* told us, they had orders from the committee to bring every English traveller without any introduction whatever, but that all other foreigners were obliged to be regularly introduced by one of the members. I really think this is the most flattering compliment I have ever known paid to our countrymen. Another consideration is, that they are not only inclined to show us all this kindness, but they are enabled to put their wishes in practice, on account of the comparatively small number of English who have hitherto thought it worth their while to pay them a visit. Now, nearer home, even supposing the people to be equally well-disposed towards us, the vast numbers of travellers would render it impossible for them to receive us thus with open arms—unless indeed they built barracks for our accommodation.

The other circumstance that I would mention for the benefit of those low and despicable persons who are iniquitous enough not to

be overburdened with money is, that at Pesth, although it is the metropolis, they give themselves no fine metropolitan airs, nor charge for everything in a ratio which bears no proportion to the market-price, or the price of labour, or anything else that exercises an influence in these matters; on the contrary, Pesth, being situated in a country where produce is extremely plentiful, and money extremely scarce, is, as it ought to be, one of the cheapest places in the world. Thus we used to pay three francs for a dinner, which, in a Parisian café would have cost us twenty; we drank Hungarian champagne, which, to my taste, is quite equal to the French, at about half-a-crown a bottle, and an excellent wine of a Burgundy flavour at a shilling. The Yagerhorn is one of the best hotels I have seen anywhere, yet you may have a sitting-room, a bed-room, and a servant's room, for three pounds a month. A box at the opera, holding five, costs ten shillings, and everything else in proportion.—*From Three Months' Leave.* By W. G. Rose.

POPULATION AND SUBSISTENCE.

It is obvious that if the present state of the world, compared with its state at our earliest records, be one of relative poverty, the tendency of population to increase more rapidly than subsistence must be admitted. If the means of subsistence continue to bear precisely the same proportion to the number of its inhabitants, it is clear that the increase of subsistence and of numbers has been equal. If its means of subsistence have increased much more than the number of its inhabitants, it is clear not only that the proposition in question is false, but that the contrary proposition is true, and that the means of subsistence have a natural tendency (using these words as expressing what is likely to take place) to increase faster than population. Now, what is the picture presented by the earliest records of those nations which are now civilised, or, which is the same, what is now the state of savage nations? A state of habitual poverty and occasional famine—a scanty population, but still scantier means of subsistence. Admitting, and it must be admitted, that in almost all countries the condition of the great body of the people is poor and miserable, yet as poverty and misery were their original inheritance, what inference can we draw from the continuance of that misery as to the tendency of their numbers to increase more rapidly than their wealth? But if a single country can be found in which there is now less poverty than is universal in a savage state, it must be true that, under the circumstances in which that country has been placed, the means of subsistence have a greater tendency to increase than the population. Now, this is the case in every civilised country. Even Ireland, the country most likely to afford an instance of what has been called the tendency of things, poor and populous as she is, suffers less from want, with her eight millions of people, than when her only inhabitants were a few sept of hunters and fishers. In our own early history, famines, and pestilences, the consequences of famine, constantly recur. At present, though our numbers are trebled or quadrupled, they are unheard of.—*Senior on Political Economy.*

"LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING."

If you intend to marry—if you think your happiness will be increased and your interest advanced by matrimony—be sure and "look where you're going." Join yourself in union with no woman who is selfish, for she will sacrifice you; with no one who is fickle, for she will become estranged; have nought to do with a proud one, for she will despise you; nor with an extravagant one, for she will ruin you. Leave a coquette to the fools that flutter around her; let her own fancies accommodate a scold; and flee from a woman who loves scandal, as you would flee from the evil one. "Look where you're going" will sum it all up. Young ladies, when you are surrounded by dashing men—when the tones of love and the words of compliment float out together—when you are excited by the movement of the whirling waltz, or melted by the tenderness of mellow music, arrest yourself in that rosy atmosphere of delight, and "look where you're going." When a daring hand is pressing yours, or your delicate tresses are lifted by him you fancy loves you; when the moonlight invites to trusting, and the stars seem but to breathe out innocence, listen with caution to the words you hear, gaze into your heart unshrinkingly, and "look where you're going."

INDUSTRY WITHOUT REWARD.

The saddest aspect of the decay of civic society can exhibit has always appeared to me to be this, when honourable, honour-loving, conscientious diligence cannot, by the utmost efforts of toil, obtain the necessities of life; or when the working man cannot even find work, but must stand with folded arms, lamenting his forced idleness, through which himself and his family are verging to starvation, or, it may be, actually suffering the pangs of hunger.—*T. Carlyle.*

SONGS.

The honest old English song never was at a greater discount than in this most musical age. We do not get a decent one once a year; and when we have that luck, it endures only for a week. Our modern fashionable ballads are the most execrable compounds of mawkish sentimentality that ever melted the soul of nursery maid—full of the pale high brows, and dark flashing eyes, and long flowing tresses of raven blackness—strong spirit-yearnings and heart-tempests of appalling violence. Unhappy music appears doomed henceforth to a perpetual state of ancient maidenhood; for there is no longer any "immortal verse" to marry her to. Even good music, when burthened with the trashy words with which these days are afflicted, is, to my thinking, three parts ruined; but this is a matter about which our modern musicians trouble their heads very little—words are made for tunes, not tunes for words; and one would think they were made by contract into the bargain; sometimes they rhyme, and for the most part scan; but as to anything beyond, why a black swan would be nothing to the rarity. Our list of modern song-writers (I do not mean mere "metre-ballad-mongers" and Haynes-Bayleyites, but good honest song-writers) is small indeed; of living ones we have scarcely any. Moore seems to think he has done enough, and so he has for fame—for there is immortality enough, and to spare, in the "Irish Melodies." Allan Cunningham has written stirring strains; why is his pen idle? Poor Captain Morris is dead! Peace to his manes! His songs—and so were Dibdin's—were superb in their way; that is, when men were seasonably well advanced in the second. Of Burns I fear I may say, little but the name is known in these parts—save to a few. Walter Scott has written some glorious songs, but who sings them? and last, "not least in our dear love," Felicia Hemans has penned some strains of passing beauty, which one would think the world would not willingly let die: yet are all these passing away silently to their oblivion, to be recalled, now and then, only by such old-fashioned folks as myself and the mayoress.—*Blackwood.*

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER AND PARLIAMENT.

Every person that has given ten *tanoms* of the revenue, in case he should see anything wrong in its expense, has a right to rise up in the House of Commons, and seize the *exchequer* of the treasury by the collar, saying, "What have you done with my money?"—*Perian Prince's Journal in England.*

POPULAR HATRED.

Let no man alight the scorn and hate of the people. When it is unjust, it is a wolf; but when it is just, a dragon. Though the tyrant, seated high, does think he may condemn their malice, yet he ought to remember that they have many hands, while he hath one neck only. If he, being single, be dangerous to many, those many will to him alone be dangerous in their hate. The sands of Africa, though they be but barren dust and lightness, yet, angered by the winds, they bury both the horse and the rider alive. Amidst the hatred of a multitude, there is no fence but what must come by miracle; nor wealth, nor wit, nor hands of armed men, can keep them safe that have made themselves the hate of an enraged multitude. It is a thunder, lightning, and hailstorm together.—*Feltham.*

TENDER WISH.

A beggar at Dublin had been a long time besieging an old, gouty, limping gentleman, who refused his mite with much irritability; on which the mendicant said, "Ah, please your honour, I wish your heart was as tender as your toes!"

MENTAL FREEDOM AND THE CONDITION OF WOMAN.

But it matters not what it is that holds the mind of man in a state of slavery—whether it be a wooden idol, an aristocracy, an ochlocracy, inordinate desire of gain, religious gloom, the turf, fashion, club-houses, or sybaritic indulgences; let him but once forget the god-like ends for which he is created, and be enslaved to something, and forthwith the loveliest and the purest of created beings shall be made to suffer beneath its tyranny. She is then to be made anything that is derogatory to her innate excellency, from the victim of an ancient metaphor to the goddess of a living fribble. Base flatterers and abject slaves may court her for wealth, or her personal attractions; but a profane contempt for her—the result of a rude ignorance of woman's unpurchasable love, of her devoted constancy, and of the high purposes she is created to fulfil in the glorious work of humanity's advancement—shall be but too evident in all that shall appear, either in the customs of ordinary life, or of courtship, or in the public institutions of education.—*Floreston.*

CRIMINALS NOT ACCORDING TO LAW.

All old bachelors, of a reasonable income, above forty. All young men who have married old women. All old men who have got young wives. All those who have helped to make the national debt what it is.—*Leigh Hunt.*

LONG LEASE.

We remember seeing a bill in a shop-window at Faversham, which ran precisely thus:—"Those premises to let—on a lease, 115 feet in length."—*Maidstone Gazette.*

London: WILLIAM SMITH, 113, Fleet Street. Edinburgh: FRASER & CO. Dublin: CURRY & CO.—Printed by Bradbury & Evans, Whitefriars.